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Yugoslavia First

Germany in her Balkan drive wanted to tie up Yugoslavia before putting the screws too tightly on Greece and risking an unalterable rebuff. The Serbs, Croatians and Slovenes, especially the Serbs, have long been bitterly anti-German and anti-Italian. They have an efficient and courageous army, and a terrain easy to defend. On the other hand, they have little war industry, and have become almost entirely dependent economically on Germany and her allies. Unless Britain and Greece had control of the Adriatic or could use the railroad connection between Yugoslavia and Salonika through the Vardar River valley, they could not supply her with munitions, even if they had enough to spare. And the Vardar route is perilously close to Bulgaria. On these accounts the British have not entertained much hope of active aid from Yugoslavia, at least until a later stage in the war.

The Germans would like to obtain the Vardar for their own advance on Greece. Whether they do or not will be the chief test of the success of their Yugoslavian diplomacy. If they do not, a mere declaration of neutrality, or a non-aggression pact, will not gravely disappoint Allied expectations. Nobody expects the Yugoslavs to join the war against the Germans now, and it is improbable that the Germans would try forcibly to conquer them.

Then Greece—and Turkey

Germany has been doing her best to create the confusion and alarms regarding Greece which constitute her well known war of nerves. Once Yugoslavia is out of the way, Hitler may be expected to apply the pincers in earnest. His objective, of course, will be to make Greece succumb without fighting. In view of the Greek successes against Italy and the help probably offered by Britain, this outcome seems unlikely. Even so, it is far from certain that Hitler will try to impose his will by open war; he will hardly do so unless he is confident of prompt victory, and he will not repeat Mussolini's mistakes about that.

Will Turkey actively help Greece if invasion does come? That is her military secret, and if she can keep it she will be doing her best to confuse and delay the Germans. No doubt Hitler's approaches to Ankara in recent weeks have been intended to find the answer, even if a positive diplomatic success cannot be scored. It is entirely possible, however, that Turkey, Britain and Greece have agreed among themselves that in view of the resources now available, it would be better for Greece to resist alone, with such help as Britain can offer. Then Turkey's limited strength could be husbanded, to be applied at a more favorable moment. It begins to look as if the Allies had decided to try to keep Germany from attacking in the Balkans now, to resist her if she attacks, with as little broadening of the war as possible, and to hold their full power in reserve until the Battle of Britain is decided.

The New Order Develops

Newspaper reports from Vichy indicate that the French government is being slowly drawn into more complete collaboration with the Axis. To begin with, French business, it is planned, will undergo reorganization in such a way as to give German interests a

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powerful share in the control of key industries. Blocks of shares will be ceded to German stockholders. German experts will participate with Frenchmen in banks, newspapers and stores. Havas-OEI, the official French news agency, has already undergone "collaboration" of this nature and it is expected that the entire set-up of the French press will shortly be brought into line.

The man responsible for these arrangements, Admiral Jean Darlan, seems to be emerging as the strong man in the anti-British section of the Vichy government. Is it a coincidence that along with the reorganization of French business and information services, come more belligerent warnings regarding the functions of the French fleet and the French colonial army? The statement that the colonies will repel any foreign attack can, of course, be construed as a warning to Germany as well as to Great Britain. But Admiral Darlan made it clear that French convoys will be arranged to supply France with food from her empire: he has declared "useless" the British blockade of Germany and praised the Nazis as "more generous and more comprehensive of the needs of humanity" than the British. As a final touch to the picture comes word of German infiltration in French Morocco, especially in the strategic Atlantic ports of Dakar and Casablanca, which harbor powerful units of the French fleet.

Japan Goes to Berlin

Foreign Minister Matsuoka's trip to Berlin via Moscow is intended to serve one purpose, if it accomplishes no other. It is part of the campaign to attract British and especially American forces to the Far East and so diminish the Allied resources for the spring campaign in Europe. Such a visit, accompanied by vague announcements of complete accord, might create the impression that Japan was free to continue her southward march. It will be interesting to see whether the Kremlin wishes to play this game.

It may be, too, that Berlin and Tokyo hope to persuade Moscow that the Soviet Union need have no further fear of Japan if the island empire's aggression can be directed against others. And that Berlin hopes to persuade Tokyo that she can safely strike now, without fear of Russia. To engage this country in the Far East, or at least to keep our attention there, is an obvious objective for German strategy. We can see how Japan might conclude that it would be a contribution to the German victory which is essential for her ultimate aims if she could keep us worried. But we can hardly see how any Japanese could fail to understand that to strike now would be to court defeat. If Britain wins, Japan would lose anything she might now gain. If Britain loses, she can gain it later at far less cost.

The Wagner-Voorhis Resolution

The problem of reconstruction after the war is not something that must wait on England's declaration of peace-aims. Not a few people in this country are beginning to demand reassurances regarding our own domestic policy following the end of the war boom. Senator Wagner and Representative Voorhis have proposed the establishment "of a commission to plan full employment in the post-emergency period." This joint resolution, now before the Senate, emphasizes that the planning for war which is apparent in periods of peace must be succeeded by plans for peace in a time of emergency. England, says Senator Wagner, has at least begun to prepare for a new domestic future: her Committee for Post-War Reconstruction is her most notable evidence of forward thinking. With the Wagner-Voorhis resolution, a small beginning has been made here, too. It is to be called the Post-Emergency Economic Advisory Commission, and while we cannot yet discuss its aims in detail, we can at least welcome it as a move in the right direction.

Dirty Business

In a recent letter to Representative Eliot of Massachusetts, President Roosevelt placed himself in strong opposition to the wire-tapping bill (HR 2266) now under consideration by a subcommittee of the House Judiciary Committee. This is the bill which was introduced in January by Representative Hobbs of Alabama and has the strong backing of the Department of Justice. It gives the head of any executive department of the federal government the power to authorize wire-tapping if he has reasonable ground for believing that a felony may have been, is being, or is about to be committed. The President put it mildly when he said that this goes "entirely too far." It is, in fact, a dangerous grant of power that carries with it a greater threat to American civil liberties than any seriously considered piece of legislation in several years.

It was Mr. Justice Holmes who, in a stirring dissent, gave wire-tapping a lasting definition. "Dirty business," he called it, and it is just that. Other Justices, notably Brandeis, Stone, Frankfurter and the conservative Butler, have rejected the practice in language almost as strong. As recently as last year, FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover, writing in The Harvard Law Review, attacked wire-tapping as "archaic and inefficient," and "a definite handicap or barrier in the development of ethical, scientific and sound investigative technique." And Mr. Roosevelt, in the letter already cited, wrote, "As an instrument for oppression of free citizens, I can think of none worse than indiscriminate wire-tapping."

It is, perhaps, no accident that this measure was introduced by the same congressman who last year offered a bill which would have committed all non-deportable aliens to concentration camps. And while the President's opposition to HR 2266 probably means its ultimate defeat, we regret that he does favor wire-tapping in espionage and kidnap cases. That is simply giving a toe-hold to "dirty business."

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Vermont Looks Ahead

The recent stories which the press featured on the occasion of the sesquicentennial celebration of Vermont's entry into the Union omitted the most interesting news from that frequently written-about state. The Vermont Commission on the Study of State Resources, headed by Senator Paul F. Douglas, has submitted to the state legislature a report proposing that those resources, which, except for the famous marble, are water, wood and soil, be mobilized for present and urgent use. The report points out the hard-headed fact that, used properly now, land and water and trees are conserved for future use, and offers a blueprint for the application of the plan to the Winooski River Valley, in the northern section of the state. Blueprints for the other Vermont valleys or river basins are to follow.

The plan puts the Winooski Valley under strict forest-fire supervision, limits timbering to timber growth, and proposes that streamflow be dammed for flood reductions, stored and used as needed for waterpower. The project would be administered by a local coöperative agency, following the pattern of the Rural Electrification Administration coöperatives. Farmers and woodland owners would pool their private individual interests in a sort of "Winooski Land Company," with all the valley people as shareholders. A grant of funds, from state or federal government, would be required to enable it to set up in business. The market for food, for wood, for power is now ready and waiting.

Here is a proposal for democratic planning, originating as a democratic program should, in the people and on the ground. You can be sure that the Vermonters in the legislature at Montpelier will look it over and talk about it carefully. Forty-seven other states might well study it also.

Small Townsman

If Sherwood Anderson had written nothing but "Winesburg, Ohio," his place in American literature would still have been secure. That book was a revolution in itself. Until it appeared in 1919, almost nobody had written about the people of American small towns as if they had a strictly human value, independent of geography; as if they had as much right to speak for themselves in literature as the people of small or large towns anywhere. And nobody else—not even the author of "Spoon River"—had caught the quirk of character that makes American small townsmen lonely, frustrated, inarticulate, yet at the same time eager for the moments of complete understanding when two people suddenly recognize each other as living persons. Such moments are very often the climax of a Sherwood Anderson story, the mere plot of it being unimportant.

"Winesburg, Ohio" was and remains a book for young men and women; they read it and their work was changed by it. In a sense it gave birth to a whole new literature, thus making itself responsible for a great deal of moon-calf silliness—some of which appeared over Anderson's signature—as well as for fresh insights and honest writing. Its influence can be traced in Erskine Caldwell and John Steinbeck, among others. William Faulkner applied Anderson's moods and methods to subjects that reached an extreme of violence and grotesquerie. Hemingway was so deeply impressed that he wrote a savage parody of Anderson's work, as if in the effort to rid himself of an obsession. The older critics, with a few honorable exceptions, did not realize its value; they attacked "Winesburg, Ohio" for being "brutally realistic." Rereading the book today, one has a hard time finding the qualities that seemed brutal in 1919, perhaps because the world itself has grown so much harsher. What one feels instead are lyricism, gentleness, sweetness and a lasting love for the small towns. Anderson was never happy away from them; and when he died last week the small townspeople from Eastport, Maine, to Petaluma lost their leading citizen and an understanding friend.

News Notes of a Week

While the diplomats were talking, the Greek soldiers spoke too, in the language in which they have shown themselves to be masters—a sudden, hard offensive against the Italians. Washington said that Germany was preparing to take over the fighting in Albania. . . . Also from Washington came a report that the Nazis had landed 100,000 men and 1,000 tanks in North Africa. Britain denied it. Wavell held fire. . . . The Italians were practically cleaned out of Somaliland. . . . British marines and Norwegian soldiers raided Lofoten Island, off the coast of Norway and destroyed a glycerine factory. Islanders flocked to enlist and sailed back with the warships. The Nazis retaliated savagely against those left behind. . . . Chiang spoke belligerently against the Chinese Communists, apparently pressing a Communist-Kuomintang quarrel that can do no one except the Mikado and the Führer any good.

Italy was grieved and surprised when the State Department asked her to close Italian consulates in Detroit and Newark, in polite but plain retaliation for similar restrictions on American consular privileges in Italy. . . . Wendell Willkie urged the election of a Republican candidate for the House of Representatives from a Manhattan district as a check against President Roosevelt's domestic policy. . . . The President pointed out that strikes in defense industries in 1940 resulted in lost time equal to only one-fourth of one percent of the total defense effort. The New York Times asked, editorially, for proof. Secretary Perkins supplied it. But agitation to outlaw strikes was continued. . . . Senator Vandenberg, who fought the lease-lend bill, pointed out that only five Senators actually opposed economic and military assistance to Britain.

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Does It Mean War?

MOST OPPONENTS of the lease-lend bill talk as if they had been defending the country against the danger of war. There is no doubt that some at least of the supporters of the bill would be willing to have this country enter the conflict if that were necessary to prevent a Hitler victory. How realistic is the official sponsorship of the measure in telling the American people that it is a way of keeping war from our shores?

It would surprise nobody if the first actions under the bill were transfers to Britain of cruisers, destroyers and small torpedo craft, bombers and fighting planes, to aid in her defense against Hitler's attempt to "soften" her in preparation for an invasion. Merchant ships, to keep the flow of supplies going, may soon follow. If the transfers can be made quickly enough, they may be of crucial importance in denying the Nazis the victory they seem to expect this spring.

There is no doubt that Hitler would strongly dislike action of this kind. But what could he do to prevent it? If he used it for an excuse to undertake war measures against this country, he would simply redouble our contribution to his defeat. He could not get at us sufficiently to do any real damage, as the enemies of the bill themselves have demonstrated, and certainly would hardly try to do so as long as he is concentrating on Britain and the Near East.

About the only concrete weapon he could use would be a stimulus to the Japanese to create a dangerous situation in the Pacific. No doubt he is straining every nerve to do this, both through trying to improve the relations between Japan and the Soviet Union, and through direct pressure on Japan. But suppose the British gave us in return a few of their new and powerful battleships, which they do not need for the present and which would greatly strengthen our already formidable fleet. It is hardly likely that the Japanese would dare incur the hostility of our present navy, and such an exchange, if it were made, would so strengthen us that we should be more than ever secure from attack.

The two possibilities under the bill that have been most feared as provocative of war are that the United States navy would be used to convoy merchant vessels —ours or others—in carrying goods through war zones, and that our ports may be used for repair by naval vessels of the belligerents which we decide to help.

Regardless of the bill, the President has the constitutional authority to employ our navy for purposes of convoy. If it were used to protect American vessels in war zones, such action would not be technically unneutral in international law, even though contrary to our own Neutrality Act. If action of this kind were taken, however, and our ships were sunk, as Hitler threatens, we should undoubtedly regard it as a *casus belli*. Even so, it does not follow that a new AEF would embark for Europe. Our navy would be engaged, to be sure, but not necessarily our army. This journal would have expected some such outcome if the lease-lend bill had been defeated and public opinion in this country had been further stirred by an imminent defeat of Britain. With the bill, however, we can avoid any such danger, at least for the present, simply by transferring the necessary ships to Britain.

The use of our port facilities by British warships, whether or not neutral under international law, is not likely to lead to any incident which would make open war necessary. Hitler can hardly attack them there. And the privilege, formerly denied under the neutrality law, will greatly strengthen the British sea patrols.

It is difficult to see, in cold fact, how the new law can be a step toward technical involvement in the war in the near future. It seems likely, rather, to keep danger away by helping the British to check our chief potential enemy. In the longer run, however, the question may have to be faced and decided. By this act we have cast our lot with the Allies. If Britain is conquered, we may, as a consequence, have to suffer the wrath of the Axis. Or if she succeeds in stemming the assault, we may have to offer direct military as well as economic help if we wish to make sure of Axis defeat.

In this sense the bill may be regarded as a step toward war, but we still can decide whether the final step should be taken. A British defeat would have brought us face to face with the Axis in any event. We may be sure the Axis would reach out for whatever it might want in this hemisphere or in Asia, once Britain were out of the way, no matter how little we might have aided Britain in the meantime. We should then have to decide how far we could resist and desired to resist, even if the bill had been defeated. Surrender now would not avoid any demand for further surrender then. The alternative would still be to stand firm or to appease. Showing our teeth now diminishes the chance of having to make that further choice and, if it must be made, will only give our enemies pause.

If, on the other hand, Britain ends the threat to her existence, and then needs our full military aid to impose a crushing defeat on her enemy, we shall have the choice whether to tell her she must accept a negotiated peace or to enter the fight ourselves. Under such conditions Hitler is even less likely than at present to make the decision for us by attacking us. Congress has reserved the right to grant or deny even economic aid; it can end the President's power under the bill at any time, and it can from time to time authorize or decline to authorize enlargements of the cost of that aid. Full democratic control is retained.

The United States, it may be said with complete confidence, will not enter the war in the sense of unleashing its own fighting men except by the democratic will of its people. What the pacifists have to fear is not really that we shall be projected into war by the

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secret machinations of bankers, foreign propagandists or domestic dictators, but that the citizens themselves will decree it. In the meantime, the field is free for all those who wish to influence that decision. The real question we must be prepared to answer is whether the interest of this nation and the world would, in the circumstances we shall then have to face, be served better by fighting or by staying out. That is not a question to be answered with closed minds.

Communist Teachers

THE MOST STRIKING ASPECT of the Rapp-Coudert investigation of New York City colleges is its capacity for digging up unpleasant things in unpleasant ways. No one with a respect for the procedure of due process can approve of the summary investigating methods of the committee, which has convicted a number of men at the bar of public opinion on the testimony of one or two, and without giving the accused a chance to clear themselves publicly. Neither can anyone with a respect for the integrity of teaching fail to be profoundly disturbed by charges that a number of teachers in New York's municipal colleges are avowedly Communist Party members, using two sets of names, carrying on a dual existence as teachers and party members, and subject even in their teaching to party discipline.

Here surely is one of the most painful choices for those who believe genuinely in democratic processes and in freedom of teaching. For it is too late in the twentieth century to be naïve about either the objectives or the tactics of the Communists. Neither can be described as democratic. Such charges as those made recently by Mr. Canning, a history instructor at the College of the City of New York, naming some fifty-odd staff members as Communists, may in particular instances be false. Yet there is little doubt on the whole that the Communist Party has sought deliberately to use its faculty members to further party purposes.

But there can be equally little doubt that the present drive against the Communists is not a disinterested attempt to further freedom of teaching or restore its integrity. There are three horsemen riding with unbridled fury through the ranks of American teachers today. One is the movement, always with us but now pressed with renewed strength, for paring educational expenditures to the bone. It is significant that immediately after the Canning testimony the head of a taxpayers' committee called for the closing of CCNY until all the "Reds" had been ousted. The second is the drive (revealed by the questioning of Assemblyman Page) against the teaching of the social studies in colleges and high schools. The third is the drive to terrorize liberal teachers of every persuasion, in public and private institutions alike.

These three horsemen are realities: so much so, that genuine democrats must not allow their unfaltering opposition to Communist methods to make them the unwitting victims of these campaigns. There is a movement on foot to oust from their teaching posts those who have been named as Communists. This would be a tragic mistake. Quite apart from questions of evidence and proof, and quite apart from the doubts of their legal power, it would be unwise in the extreme for the Board of Higher Education to follow such a course. For, although only a very small percentage of either teachers or students are Communists, the drive against them would destroy the morale of the whole teaching staff and the whole student body. The art of teaching is a difficult one at best; the context in which creative thinking can be done by teachers and pupils alike is fragile. The hand either of a legislative investigating committee or of the courts is too heavy and clumsy to be applied to the teaching process without destructive results.

What follows? That nothing need be or can be done? By no means. Here we must go back to some first principles about teaching. The purpose of teaching in a democracy is to develop a nation of people who can think for themselves. This means that the touchstone of democratic teaching is whether it makes possible a competition of ideas. This means objective teaching, but not "objective" in the sense that the teacher becomes a mere mechanism, a cipher without views or convictions. He may be Republican, Democrat, Socialist, Communist or independent: and whatever he is, it is desirable that he be above-board about it. He will inevitably and often unconsciously allow his convictions to influence his teaching. But the test of whether he is objective is whether on any subject he is fair in summarizing conflicting viewpoints, and whether he presents fairly the "facts" on which students in colleges must ultimately form their own judgments.

From this standpoint a political witch-hunt or a legal inquisition is the last way in the world by which to get good teachers and get rid of bad ones. From this standpoint the only way to do it is for teachers to be judged by their peers. For teaching is one of the most complex and exacting of all arts. It takes brains, judgment, guts. And there can be no mechanical and ready-made tests, such as membership in the Communist Party or the Republican, as to whether teaching is being performed well. The trouble with a Communist, much more than that he is "subversive," is that he is likely to be a soldier taking party orders and subject to party discipline in his teaching as in his other activities. But that must be judged in the individual case, as must also the timidity and closed-mindedness which may equally paralyze a teacher's usefulness.

The Board of Higher Education of New York City is, as school boards go, of very high caliber. We respect the ability and judgment of its members. Yet we feel

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it would be best for them, if they are to make any decisions leading to ousters, to set up first a committee of educators—perhaps professors from other universities—whose unquestioned standing will give their recommendations force and authority. A group of scholars such as that suggested for the scrutiny of high-school textbooks by the American Committee for Intellectual Freedom, or a group such as the committee on academic freedom of the American Association of University Professors, would command assent from the whole teaching profession. They would not make the mistakes that laymen, however well intentioned, would inevitably make. And they could not be used as part of a reign of terror against liberal teaching. Their job would be a pragmatic one of judging individual cases not by membership, reputed or real, in any political party, but by performance in objective and creative teaching.

Even this, in the long run, will not solve the problem without aid from other factors that lie beyond the scope of this editorial. One is a strengthened teachers'-union movement, freed wholly from minority control by Communists, and able to fight the threats against education. The second is the further development of a fierce integrity among teachers and a real pride of craftsmanship. And the third (with the aid of a better press) is a lay opinion which respects the art of teaching, and knows not only how to scrutinize it but also how to leave it alone.

Cracks on the Poll-Tax Front

OPPONENTS of the poll tax as a requisite for voting were cheered recently when Senator Claude Pepper of Florida introduced the Geyer anti-poll-tax bill in the Senate. The bill has been pending in the House for almost two years, buried deep in the Judiciary Committee, whose chairman is Hatton W. Sumners of Texas, a state in which 17 percent of the people vote in congressional elections. Last spring, Sumners appointed Frances E. Walter, co-sponsor of the Walter-Logan bill, to head a subcommittee to hold hearings on the Geyer bill. The committee heard Maury Maverick, C. Vann Woodward (author of "Tom Watson, Agrarian Rebel"), Georgia-born Caroline O'Day, and others testify on the corruption which the poll tax breeds, the incidence of the tax on low Southern incomes and its effect on voting. The chairman, at the instigation of Representative Sumners, subsequently refused to print the hearings because, he said, "Geyer wanted only to propagandize the country against the poll tax."

The testimony given at the hearings was damning. Woodward showed that the disfranchising provisions were originally inserted in most of the state constitutions by the commercial and industrial interests in the South in an effort to paralyze the Populist movement. The effort was successful, for in most of the states, voting was halved and populism was killed. Forty years later, the proportion of actual voters to potential voters is still 50 percent below the national average. The reason is that a poll tax which ranges from $1 to a possible maximum, in one state, of $36, is demanded before a citizen may cast a ballot. The effect has been to perpetuate government by the minority—the rule of the machine. The evidences are plain enough for the nation when congressmen such as Cox of Georgia come to Washington with no opposition in the Democratic primary and with less than eight percent of the people voting in the general election. Forty-two of the seventy-eight poll-tax congressmen have similar records.

The movement to repeal the poll tax has been threefold. State campaigns have been developed in four of the poll-tax states, and it seemed for a while this year that the poll tax would be abolished in Tennessee. But Boss Crump, whose candidates came out for repeal in 1938, changed his mind in 1941. "France, Belgium and Holland had fallen," he said. "Communists and German Bund propaganda [have been] going the rounds encouraging race hatred and social equality." So, by eleven votes, the Crump machine frustrated the expressed will of the overwhelming majority of people in Tennessee. In Virginia a campaign is developing, but the poll-tax requirement is embedded in the Constitution, and repeal must be submitted to a poll-tax legislature and a restricted electorate before it can be accomplished. Then it will take a minimum of four years. In Arkansas, the state legislature recently adopted a resolution to submit to a referendum a proposal to dissociate the franchise from the poll tax. Three years ago a similar proposal was defeated by a vote of seven percent of the poll-tax payers, but this time the situation looks more hopeful.

The second attack on the poll tax has been through the courts, and a case—Pirtle v. Brown—which challenges the constitutionality of the tax as a requirement for voting in federal elections is now pending before the Circuit Court of Appeals in Cincinnati. But the greatest likelihood of success for poll-tax repeal seems to be in Congress with the passage of the Geyer-Pepper bill. Efforts are now being made to bring the bill to a vote in the House, and it is possible that both the Senate and the House may take action this session.

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The Race Against Hitler

This is the fifth in a series of articles summarizing briefly the principal ways in which United States aid to Britain can be made effective. – THE EDITORS

OURS is a side-show defense effort, without direction, coördination or control, stacked against the most ruthless and efficient war economy in history. Before we can realize the magnitude of our job, we must understand the key to the Nazi advantage. That advantage lies neither in resources nor in potential or technological superiority. It dates back to 1935, to the establishment of the Nazi Economic General Staff.

From the beginning this economic high command has been headed by one man—General Thomas. It has had absolute discretion in commandeering the resources of Germany's whole economy for war purposes. But its most vital function was the preparation of Germany's entire civilian industry for an *immediate* switch from peacetime to wartime production. Every available plant was tooled and in readiness years before the war began. Ordinary factory workers turning out consumers' goods were trained to man those tools the moment the factory managers received their orders. Raw materials were apportioned on the basis of military requirements; imports and exports, transportation and agriculture—all were and are shaped to wage Hitler's war.

Now the extensive industrial resources and the 100,000,000 people of the conquered nations have been absorbed into Germany's war economy. Aluminum provides a typical example of the kind of help Hitler is receiving from them. They are giving Germany an annual aluminum production of 123,000 tons. Germany's own production even before the war was 180,000 tons. Compare this with Britain's output of 25,000 tons in 1939, and the industrial task of the democracies becomes apparent.

The democracies are learning the lessons of modern warfare with tragic slowness. Not until after Churchill had been in power for several months did Britain organize her own economic high command. The British response has been magnificent, and her war economy is now probably as well organized as Germany's. But Britain has only 44,000,000 people, and the potentialities of the Empire are barely beginning to be felt. The fact remains that the Nazis enjoy an overwhelming superiority in production that only we can offset.

In its present state of organization, American industry is not equal to the job before it. We began on the assumption that the defense program need not hamper business-as-usual. Idle capacity and idle men alone were thought sufficient for the task. The idea was for the army, the navy and the British Purchasing Commission to place orders with private manufacturers, who would deliver the goods as promptly as their cautiously increased capacity permitted. Defense and aid-to-Britain were merely to be tacked onto our normal economy.

That kind of thinking is behind our present failure, just as it was behind the failure of England under Chamberlain. Our manufacturers plan only a step ahead, and when that step is completed they face a bottleneck. What we need most desperately is wide-scale and long-range planning that will envisage the bottlenecks of the future and eliminate them *before* they obstruct the program.

The OPM, superior as it is to the previous board, cannot cope with the inefficiency, the red tape, the misdirected energy and the planlessness that besets almost every phase of the defense program. Either it must be developed into an economic high command of our own, or one must be substituted for it. The new board must be given the power to impose priorities, allocate raw materials and distribute orders purely on the basis of efficiency. It should be responsible to no one except the President. And its objectives must be completely integrated with the requirements of the army, the navy and the needs of Britain.

Such an economic general staff would also ensure a minimum of dislocation in our domestic economy. Shipping and transportation provide an excellent example of this. We speak of giving commercial vessels to Britain, but no one knows how much tonnage we can spare. Obviously it would be dangerous to cut down our merchant fleet to the point where our own basic needs could not be supplied. But suppose the railroads were rationalized to take some of the burden from coastwise shipping. And suppose all ocean-going bottoms were assigned according to an overall schedule based on our known requirements. We should then be able to determine the surplus available for Britain.

But the railroads will not do this by themselves. The shipping concerns will not voluntarily come together with each other and the railroads. And all of them will not consult with the Department of Commerce and the British authorities on their own initiative. Such a job, and it is a vital one, can be accomplished only by someone who has the authority to utilize all our resources for a predetermined purpose.

Only those who are blind to the vital need for speed in this race against Hitler will object to such a proposal. Those same people would be shocked at the idea of our army functioning without a general staff. But this is an industrial war even more than it is a military one. It is a battle of whole economies. And until we set up an economic general staff, our defense effort will continue to flounder.

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If America Stands Alone

IT IS TIME for Americans to face frankly the dangers of the coming spring. There is at least a good chance that Hitler will attempt an invasion of Great Britain and a possibility that he will succeed. Nearly everyone in America hopes that he will not; this country is bending its utmost efforts to give England aid so as to make a German success less likely. Yet it is certainly time for us to consider some of the possibilities for this country if Great Britain should be defeated. It is not alarmist or hysterical to examine what might happen.

That the United States would be in deep trouble goes without saying. The world would probably consist of five major nations or systems. Hitler would control Western Europe; Italy would have a dubious sovereignty over the Mediterranean, subject to veto by Berlin. Stalin would remain master of Soviet Russia at least for a time. Japan would control the Far East with about the degree of authority of Italy in the Mediterranean. The United States would command the allegiance of what remained of the British Empire. It would have the friendship of China, if China continued to exist and had not turned fascist. It would have an uncertain and fluctuating degree of loyalty in the various South American countries, some of which would certainly hasten to get on Hitler's bandwagon. The German, Italian and Japanese systems would be actively hostile to us. If Stalin were friendly, it would only be that degree of warmth engendered by two men who possess a common enemy. China would stand by us unless she decided the fight was hopeless and made her own terms with Hitler; already there have been threats from Chungking that this might happen unless British and American aid to Chiang Kai-shek were substantially increased.

That Hitler would not rest on his laurels once he had conquered England goes without saying. His ambition is boundless, and even if it were not, the fascist philosophy requires continual growth and advance. Hitler and his gang are well aware that they are not safe in a world containing such dangerous potential enemies as Russia and the United States. Those who say that Germany would require years to recover from her present exhausting effort before she was again in a position to strike simply do not understand the resilience of a modern industrialized state. Her period of recuperation need be only very brief; it would be made shorter by the realization that neither the United States nor Russia is at present well prepared for a struggle. An attack soon would have much greater hope of success than one later.

It seems quite certain that Hitler would attack either the United States or Russia. Naturally, he would try to avoid taking them both on simultaneously. In which direction would he go first? It is impossible to answer this question with assurance, since it depends upon three factors all of which are variable—his own attitude, Russia's and that of America. He has already persuaded Stalin to stand aloof while he tries to destroy Great Britain. Would he be able to make the same sort of bargain with Russia while he attacked the United States? It is hard to believe that Stalin would again be guilty of a course of conduct which, if Hitler's plans worked out, would mean his own ultimate doom; but we have already seen the Russian leader make one mistake of that sort, in the pact of August, 1939.

Would Hitler be able to pull the wool over our own eyes and persuade us to wait quietly while he destroyed the Russian system? One hopes that he would not; but it is impossible to be assured on this point. American conservatives are just as shortsighted on the whole as their British counterparts were before Munich. They oppose bolshevism as strongly as they do fascism, or more so. They might argue that if Hitler were given Europe and Asia to play with, he would be content to stay out of this hemisphere. Such reasoning is fatally fallacious; but one country after another has indulged in it, refusing to learn by the experience of its predecessors. Politicians simply will not realize that the appetite of Nazism is insatiable, and they will not act in the light of that grim truth.

With the fall of Britain, then, we should be confronted with a critical decision which might require immediate action and at best could not be very long delayed. (The Russian army is better than is commonly supposed, but it could hardly hold out very long in the face of war on two fronts against the combined full strength of Germany and Japan which would probably be invoked.) The decision as to how soon we should fight and on what terms would largely rest with Hitler. If he decided to attack us at once, we should be in an extremely serious situation. If, however, he decided to wait, we should have an interval during which we could choose among several courses.

One of these courses that would find some support in this country is of course an effort at appeasement. How serious is this? There are pro-Fascist elements here, and they are powerful. The appeasers are not identical with the isolationists, although they are often bracketed. The isolationists really believe that we can build a wall around ourselves and live within it. The appeasers recognize that the world has shrunk today to a size which makes such a project Utopian. They believe, however, that Hitler can be partly appeased and partly frightened off by defensive armament; that he will need American goods after the war and that we shall be

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able to get some very fat orders out of him. All this is probably chimerical. Hitler will do his buying after the war in the cheapest market, which means South America and not the United States. He will do it on a barter basis, which the United States would not like, since he can only offer industrial products that compete with our own and would buy only our agricultural products which must compete on a world market with those of South America. He would, moreover, make political demands that would be unacceptable to most Americans, including the right to propagandize in this country.

If we are not to appease Hitler, we must prepare to fight. But here again there are various choices open to us. How much shall we seek to defend? Our own present possessions only? Canada, Mexico and South America down to the bulge? The entire hemisphere? This hemisphere and some portions of the Far East?

The answer to this set of questions depends in part upon a further matter. Everyone in this country talks about national defense; but this phrase can encompass numerous meanings. Do we propose always to let Hitler have the initiative, never to move until the last possible moment, under the threat of imminent attack? England tried this for a long time, and came to the very brink of disaster. There is another interpretation of national defense which says, in effect: Let us make up our minds what we want this nation to do and to be, and then move toward those goals, no matter what Hitler is doing or not doing at the time.

Needless to say, we should not imitate the evil aspects of totalitarianism in trying to fight it. We should, however, plan for our democratic activism on all possible fronts simultaneously. We do not seem to have yet learned the lesson that all war nowadays is and must be total war; that it is concerned not merely with guns and ships but with ideas, ideals, morale, the security and hopes and aspirations of the people at home and those in other countries throughout the world. Today peace is indivisible and so is democracy. Our struggle for national existence must direct its fire first of all against the enemies at home, the opponents of free speech and thought, the forces hostile to labor and sympathetic to special privilege, and must then extend to the similar enemies of democracy elsewhere.

There is much to be said, in considering our situation if the British Isles should be conquered, for a vigorous and immediate policy of extension of American influence and strength in those parts of the world where we have the greatest hope of successful advance. South America is a special military problem; how much of it we could hope to defend within six months or a year from now is for the experts to answer: Fletcher Pratt threw some light on this matter in The New Republic of February 24. But when it comes to the Far East, a different situation confronts us. There we have Australia, long our warm friend, and New Zealand, which in case of an English defeat would eagerly welcome our aid. We have China carrying on the battle against totalitarianism with implacable courage under great difficulties. We have the Philippines, which are apparently already regretting the bargain by which they will have their freedom in 1946. We have the Dutch East Indies and the other parts of Oceania which would welcome our protection, and can furnish us urgently needed products, such as rubber and tin, that fit into our economic system as the South American agricultural surpluses do not.

The overshadowing question-mark of course is Japan. If the Germans and the Japanese should decide to attack the United States simultaneously in two oceans, our situation would certainly be difficult, and especially during the next few years before our present shipbuilding program is completed. If we could manage to deal with Japan alone, we should have a good chance of outbluffing her for at least a time, so that she would stay within the limits of her present expansion. If Japan and Germany attacked us together, we might have to fall back within a narrower circle in order to be sure of successful defense. But even then, we should still follow the principles discussed above. We should determine that democracy is indivisible, that national boundaries are today as unimportant—for a final goal—as is the survival of national sovereignty itself. Unless we can learn these lessons, we shall not have very much to defend and no very good way of defending it.

The moral of all this seems fairly plain. If England falls, every course before the United States will be excessively painful and dangerous. At no matter what cost to ourselves, the wisest policy for us to pursue is to make sure that England shall not fall. We have been desperately slow to realize the truth of this and slower still to make the necessary readjustments in our national life. We have tried, as England did, and France before her, to make total war with one hand. But it is not yet too late, if we will only rise to our responsibility and act in the light of the desperate nature of the crisis.

Apprehension

So slight a ritual can still remind
The wary eye, the sleepless, not yet blind.
The egg prepared, the lettuce crisped and clean,
Rouse microcosm. Spectres here convene.
You will disdain alarm, you sitting there
Warm, fed, and having an upholstered chair.
Though wrath of flame rise on the farther beach,
You say the house will stand; though terror reach
The nameless neighbor, never find the door
You closed upon the wakeful night. Before
I set the supper out, good friend, I saw
Blood on the egg. While I heard you draw
The curtains to deceive the too-red sky,
Holding the dripping leaf, most thoughtful, I
Removed the naked worm. Look. Blood is here.
And sound of gnawing. Listen. Coming near.

JEREMY INGALLS

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The Next Four Years[1]

IV. *The Citizen Army*

THE WEAPONS and whole military character of our new citizen army are being shaped by what is happening on European battlefields. After the fall of France last spring, changes were made ranging from the General Staff, at the top, to the infantry squad, at the bottom, and fresh changes will doubtless follow the events in Europe of the next few months. But there are two aspects of the new army about which predictions seem possible. One is the impact that it will have on the young men now entering its ranks; the other is the impact it will have on our society.

After the great reforms of Mr. Roosevelt's first two administrations, many liberals, inside and outside the New Deal, believe that the new army ought to be not merely a replica of the socially unplanned draft of 1917—out of which came, among other things, the American Legion, the vigilantes and the Kluxers of the early twenties. They would like to see the army do something for the men in it, and for the country. Often you meet the feeling that the new army ought to have the quality of Washington's troops of 1776-83. The men who endured those seven tremendous years were made into able, devoted citizens, and they ran the infant country for fifty years thereafter.

What can the army do—and what is it likely to do—for the men in its ranks? The army's authorized strength is 1,500,000; it may soon have a strength of 3,000,000. In the present army, about 900,000 are youngsters called under the Selective Service Act. The remainder, about 500,000, are regular troops with three-year enlistments—many of whom have joined up since the selective-service law was passed—and National Guardsmen. These two groups need to be considered apart, since the army will treat them very differently.

Through hard military necessity, the hope of teaching a trade to the selective-service recruits—or making any systematic effort whatever to develop their abilities—has been regretfully, but definitely, abandoned by the army's high command. Since September, 1939, we have heard a great deal about the mechanization of warfare, that what are needed now are trained machinists and engineers, not bayonet-wielders. This is only partly true. Of the army's total of 1,500,000, about 180,000 men will be in the air corps. Only two American *panzer* divisions, of about 15,000 men each, have so far been established, although later on we may have six such divisions, or even eight. As airfield mechanics and tank drivers, the army is, quite understandably, demanding men with three-year terms. Its duty is to make ready a fighting force, and it cannot risk giving boys elaborate training and having them disappear back into civilian life.

An analysis of the proposed composition of the new army gives a quick view of its opportunities for job-experience. Of every thousand men, there will be: infantry, 290; field artillery, 141; coast artillery, including anti-aircraft, 131; air corps, 128; medical department, 76; quartermaster corps, 69; corps of engineers, 61; cavalry, 29; signal corps, 29; armored corps, 22; ordnance department, 18; chemical-warfare service, 4; finance department, 2. The army will contain, as its primary striking force, twenty-seven infantry divisions, and in them one-third of the personnel will be riflemen.

It would give an untrue impression to say that none of the recruits under the Selective Service Act will receive training that will aid them later on. Boys who have a trade when they are drafted will be encouraged to continue with it. At reception camps, recruits are exhaustively classified according to their skills and aptitudes. A boy who had worked in a garage, for example, might be assigned to a tank company, and might leave the army at the end of his year's hitch a proficient mechanic. A restaurant worker might become a full-fledged cook. But the army will not systematically undertake to train its selective-service recruits.

Against this, the half-million three-year volunteers and National Guardsmen will almost all be encouraged to learn a skilled trade. The twelve thousand boys now studying to be airplane pilots, the 150,000 men being trained in ground crews, will, it is predicted, permit an enormous increase in peacetime air transportation. Air passenger travel will be inexpensive and common; air freight lines will connect remote towns.

At the time the Selective Service Act was approved, various proposals were made to give recruits either academic or vocational education in their spare hours. As the lesson of the Battle of France sank in on our General Staff, however, these vanished in mist. The problem that has arisen needs to be better appreciated. The one-year recruit will have very little spare time. Under newly revised plans, he will go first to so-called replacement centers, which will soon take the place of the current reception camps. If he has sufficient experience to qualify as a specialist, he will be immediately started on advanced training. Otherwise he will remain in the replacement center for sixteen weeks; part of his time will be spent in physical hardening, but mostly he will be prepared for actual fighting. The just issued Infantry Manual makes strange reading

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for 1917 veterans. It skips over close-order drill, plunging into such problems as when a squad, separated from its company, finds itself in the path of an enemy tank.

This is the conscious result of the French army's defeat. It is now a premise of our General Staff that the French disaster came largely because, during the "phony-war" winter of 1939-40, the troops in the Maginot Line were occupied in elaborate education and recreation projects, while the Nazis were ceaselessly engaged in mimic war. After a recruit leaves his replacement center to join an organized division, he will spend as much time as possible—almost continuously in the summer months—in large-scale maneuvers where all arms, bombers, tanks and artillery will participate.

A recruit's leisure hours, accordingly, will be almost non-existent. Under his daily routine, he must devote himself to his military duties from reveille at six in the morning until dinner mess every weekday except Wednesday and Saturday, when he is excused at noon. Wednesday afternoon is devoted to athletics, and on Saturdays his regimental or camp team plays another regiment or camp, and he is supposed to cheer it on. The army makes out a good case for the social value of these contests.

This leaves unpreëmpted the recruit's evenings from dinner until taps, and his Sundays. Every regiment has a change of movies twice a week; in most of the larger camps it will be possible for a soldier to see a different show every night. Human nature being what it is, at least two nights a week must be surrendered to movie-going. On Saturday nights, the soldier goes to the nearest town, and there is no stopping him. This leaves, for possible educational pursuits, three weekday evenings and Sunday. But, for most of his stay in a replacement camp, long days of extremely heavy physical labor leave the recruit dog-tired at night. During his succeeding eight months with the organized forces, never ending maneuvers—in which he may spend days at a time away from his barracks—make planned study very difficult.

For the task, directly or indirectly, of giving recruits a concept of modern democracy, the prospects seem more cheerful, although still uncertain. The army itself is markedly more democratic than in 1917. Army higher-ups admit the change, and say it is due to the high type of three-year volunteer since the depression years of the early thirties. Last summer the War Department purchased punch-sorting machines, and recently ran 180,000 cards though them to sample the educational qualifications of our present regular troops. The scholastic level reached was: .1 percent, college post-graduates; 1.4 percent, college graduates; 1 percent, third-year college; 2.5 percent, second-year college; 3 percent, first-year college; 29.6 percent, high-school graduates; 8.2 percent, third-year high school; 11.3 percent, second-year high school; 10.4 percent, first-year high school. The remainder, 31.8 percent, had all gone through grammar school. With such men, army officers say, the Hard-Boiled Smiths of 1917 are anachronistic.

It is now the custom throughout the army for an enlisted man to use the first, instead of the third, person. He says: "Did you send for me, sir?"; not, "Did Colonel Belch send for Private Spelvin, sir?" Off post, enlisted men do not salute officers. By a War Department order, the ceremonies for general officers of other days—eleven guns for a major-general, nine guns for a brigadier-general—have been dropped.

During the last war, post commanders had genuine fondness for the Salvation Army, but the cutthroat competition of the YMCA, the K of C and the YMHA for the showiest canteen sites dismayed them. In the present emergency, by a much criticized order, no private organizations that might minister to the soldier's welfare—and, incidentally, show him what democracy means—are permitted within camp boundaries. All such activities have been placed under a new morale division in the Adjutant General's office, headed by Colonel Henry H. Pfeil, a one-time artillery officer. He has a fund of $2,594,152 for athletic equipment, motion-picture projectors, books. Each division will have a clubhouse, furnished with library, writing desks and—chosen by civil service—a hostess. Each regiment will possess an exchange, selling cigarettes and near beer, and a recreation building.

A semi-governmental body has been created to watch over the soldier when he goes to town, the Joint Army and Navy Committee on Welfare and Recreation. Its task at the moment is to assist in organizing the resources of small towns near the rapidly expanding camps. One of the aims of the Joint Committee—and the army's morale division—is to revive the 1917 WCCS—War Camp Community Service—by which clubhouses for soldiers were maintained in three hundred American cities. They were immensely important institutions; at them a soldier could obtain a bed, bath, towels and shaving materials for 25 cents.

The primary responsibility for fostering a democratic spirit among recruits rests obviously with the army's morale division and with the Joint Committee. They will decide what books they read, what movies, plays and vaudeville shows they see. They will have supervision over the soldiers' forays into the outside world. Happily, the Joint Committee's membership has a politically liberal cast. Its chairman, Mr. Frederick Osborn, benefactor of the American Museum of Natural History in New York City and a research associate in anthropology, had charge of the Red Cross in France during the last war. The other members are: Mr. Charles P. Taft, municipal reformer and younger brother of Senator Taft, who represents the Federal Security Agency and will have charge of funds to promote public health in camp neighborhoods; Mr. Clarence Dykstra and Colonel William H. Draper Jr.,

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of the Selective Service Board; Mr. Robert E. Sherwood, playwright and veteran of the Canadian Black Watch, who will be spokesman for the public.

It is worth pointing out that, no matter how the present emergency ends, the army is likely to have an increased national influence in the future. With the Atlantic bases acquired from England, and the Alaskan and mid-Pacific islands that are being fortified, we shall need to maintain permanent overseas garrisons that, including the Panama Canal force, will total about two hundred thousand men. Almost inevitably we shall have a much stronger air corps. Where the army was below 100,000 at the beginning of the New Deal, we must expect it to have a minimum of 500,000 henceforth. If conscription is continued into a future peace, as Mr. Roosevelt seems to intend, the army's weight will be correspondingly greater.

The hope that our new citizen army will have the quality of Washington's men of a century and a half ago is by no means certain to be fulfilled, but it is not altogether impossible. From the very circumstance that Mr. Roosevelt is still leader of the nation, that the army's ranking officers are his personal appointees, it is bound to reflect a certain degree of New Deal democracy. A great deal is being done to develop the abilities of the three-year volunteers; not enough is being done for the one-year selective-service recruits. However, this is Hitler's fault, not the army's, and an immediate improvement can hardly be hoped for. The army's discipline has been altered for the better; the barrack-room tyrannies of twenty years ago have at least partly vanished. The Joint Committee's ability to give a democratic color to the army's encampments remains to be seen; we can only say at this early stage that it is manned by able men. Its effectiveness will in a great measure depend on the support it has from liberal-minded citizens.

JONATHAN MITCHELL

Genius: Its Cause and Care[1]

THE MOST fascinating problem in the world, ever since mankind became sufficiently self-conscious to think about it at all, has been that of the human personality. How does it happen that intelligence is so unequally distributed? Why are some men bold and others timid, some seemingly born with a desire to lead and others to follow, some egotistical and others humble, and so on through a multitude of traits? And above all, how does it happen that now and then an individual is supremely gifted in some one field, so that the world is blessed (or in certain cases, cursed) by the presence of a Michelangelo, a Napoleon, a Shakespeare, Dante or Einstein?

Science does not yet know the answers to all these questions; but today it has come closer to the heart of the riddle than ever before. In the research laboratories of America, some highly important information bearing on this whole subject has recently been unearthed.

For the sake of brevity, let me summarize a few important statements into brief paragraphs:

1. One hardly needs to observe that much of the advance mankind has made throughout history has been achieved by persons of outstanding abilities, who deserve the name of genius. In saying this, I am recognizing that every man is the product of his time, that mass movements are on the whole more important than individuals, that every fine achievement is based upon others that have gone before. Concede all this, and the usefulness of the individual great man is still tremendous.

2. There are many thousands of individuals of high intelligence walking the streets of our towns and cities today, their abilities in most cases unrecognized, their potential usefulness partly or wholly wasted.

3. Effective genius is the product of two things in happy conjunction: the right sort of heredity and the right sort of environment, especially in early life. While the scientists are not yet sufficiently sure to be dogmatic, intelligence is certainly in the main hereditary. When it seems to be changed by environment, in most cases this is undoubtedly because in certain environmental conditions the individual does not do justice to himself. On the other hand, personality is almost entirely the result of environmental factors and in particular the conditions of infancy and childhood. Here, too, there may be some hereditary factors aside from that of sheer intelligence; but science believes that they are of little importance compared with those which result from such things as imitation of one's elders, discipline, and early attachments and repulsions regarding other persons.

4. Science today has gone far toward unlocking the mystery of the mechanism of heredity. Today it knows how to use that mechanism for the improvement of plants and animals. Some day, it may apply its new knowledge to the problem of human heredity as well.

5. Recent studies have done much to explain the mystery of how environment affects personality, and to give us a clue to the conditions that should be artificially created to mold a human being of a predetermined type.

This stress upon environment represents something of a change of emphasis on the part of science in the

[1] This is the fifth of a series of articles under the general title, "The Men Who Make the Future." They are based on interviews with a number of leading research experts in the United States. — THE EDITORS

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past few years. Not long ago, many experts (not all, of course) were inclined to take a rather rigidly mechanistic view of the human being. He was considered to be in the main the victim or the beneficiary of the result when you added up the influence upon him of all his glands of internal secretion. But today thought is moving in the other direction. Said one of America's greatest psychiatrists, head of an outstanding hospital for mental diseases: "A few years ago we used to hear a good deal about 'glands regulating personality.' Today you might almost with equal appropriateness talk about 'personality regulating glands.' The more we know about the relation between mind and body, the less we are inclined to draw a hard and fast distinction. Each influences the other in profound and subtle ways; and this interest becomes increasingly important as science advances." It is this new knowledge which makes early environment now seem so important in determining human characteristics, and makes it so vital that society should recognize individuals of outstanding abilities as early in life as it can.

It is customary to refer to a person of high intelligence as a genius, without regard to what he may have accomplished, and even the scientists do this in their absent-minded moments, though they prefer the more precise phrase, "gifted individual." For convenience, I shall use the popular terminology. Roughly speaking, every man or woman who is 40 percent more intelligent than the rank and file is labeled a genius. (This reference to percentages should not be understood as meaning that there is an absolute zero from which the scale starts.) Such intelligence, as I have just said, comes chiefly through heredity and changes very little during the lifetime of the average individual. A genius is born, almost always, of parents of superior intelligence, and his children are usually above normal in this respect. But genius does not invariably beget genius, though it has a better chance of doing so than non-genius has. For some reason at which science is only beginning to grasp, one individual in a certain number, in a fairly fixed percentage, is born with chromosomes that are packed with more or better genes, or both, than the average run of mankind or even the majority of members of his own family.

There are in the United States today more than a million individuals who would rate as geniuses by the definition of that term used above. There are approximately 2,700 whose intellect is equal to that of the outstanding leader among the great men of modern times, John Stuart Mill. Some of these persons will live and die humble members of the community whose only public praise will be, "he's smart—for a garbage collector" or "she remembers more than three hundred recipes and can tell them to you without ever looking in the book."

The truth of this is shown by a recent experiment in Chicago of Professor Paul A. Witty and Martin D. Jenkins. That Chicago's Negro colony lives under bleak conditions is not news to anybody and especially to those who read Richard Wright's vivid novel of a year ago, "Native Son." Yet when 8,000 Chicago Negro children were recently picked at random and their intelligence was tested, more than 100 were markedly high on the scale. Twenty-nine were so intelligent as to qualify as geniuses. One of them ranked with Mill.

How do the scientists know how many geniuses there are? What is their standard for high intellectual power? These questions bring us into a field that is not only of absorbing interest but sharp controversy: that of the famous "intelligence tests."

To make a rough, layman's definition, the scientist says that unusual intelligence signifies a high degree of memory, strong powers of mental coördination and logic, and the ability to summon these at will for any given purpose. Some years ago, specialists in this field began creating tests which, when given to a large number of people, would indicate their brightness, relative to each other. The "Alpha tests" given in the army in 1917 were an example. These tests usually consist of simple-sounding questions (sometimes trick ones), easy puzzles, tests of memory like the ability to repeat seven or eight numbers that are read off in haphazard order. After hundreds of thousands of these tests had been given, the scientists averaged them up and found that they could establish a normal level of intelligence for the whole population, which they arbitrarily set at one hundred on their scale. Every individual is then recorded with an "intelligence quotient" related to this norm. If he is 10 percent below, he is said to have an IQ of 90, if 20 percent above, an IQ of 120, and so on.

The intelligence tests have been the subject of a good deal of controversy, with which we need not concern ourselves here. It is quite true that in the early days, exaggerated claims were sometimes made on their behalf, especially by laymen who didn't really understand them. It is also true that with the passing years, the techniques have been somewhat refined. Even today, the results of the tests should not be taken too rigidly. An error of a few points one way or the other is possible and is not of great importance. Personality factors either on the part of the examiner or the examinee may throw an individual test a little out of balance. But on the whole, there is no doubt that the tests do record intelligence, and that their results are likely to correlate with achievement of all sorts. The level of intelligence indicated by tests taken after the age of six or seven years rarely changes during after life (though in some cases, very bright young girls and less often, boys, have seemed to decline a little after adolescence). The validity of intelligence testing is shown by the fact that one individual can be tested independently by several trained examiners at long intervals, and without consultation they will usually assign approximately the same IQ.

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A series of experiments at the University of Iowa a few years ago seemed to indicate that among certain children the level of intelligence rose markedly over a period of time and especially when these children were given much improved care and attention and a feeling of security. While there is sharp disagreement between two schools of thought, on the whole the prevailing verdict seems to be that probably the level of intelligence did not really increase substantially but that in the earlier tests these children did not give a fair accounting of themselves. Under starvation and abuse, even a bright child may seem thoroughly stupid. Tests of many thousands of other individuals, taken at intervals of years and independently, have shown the general results I have summarized above.

Before I draw the all-important conclusions regarding society's obligation to genius, let me introduce in evidence one of the most interesting researches of recent years. It was an attempt to study the level of intelligence in childhood of a large number of the great men of modern times, in so far as this is possible. The purpose was to estimate the childhood IQ and correlate this with the facts about this individual that got into the history books.

One of the philanthropic foundations gave a large grant of money, and under the direction of Dr. Catharine Cox of Stanford University (now Dr. Catharine Miles of Yale) a group of experts in this field labored for months at the task. The year 1450 was taken as a dividing line, since not enough is known about the personal lives of great men before that time. Dr. J. McKeen Cattell, the eminent psychologist, once made a list of the thousand most famous men in history, based arbitrarily on the number of inches of space devoted to each in a number of biographical dictionaries all over the world. The top half of this list was taken as the basis and the names were discarded of those born before 1450. There were finally left about 300 people of outstanding eminence in modern times.

Regarding the early life of each of these individuals (to age twenty-six) every last scrap of information was then assembled, amounting in all to millions of words, and including the material from several thousand biographical works. Then trained experts in testing intelligence sat down and went over this evidence to see just how bright was each of these famous men. What did he do up to twenty-five years, and especially in childhood, and how did this achievement compare with that of thousands of highly intelligent children of today whose IQ's are a matter of scientific record? While this was being done, other investigators, working independently, used the same material, and the conclusions of one set of experts were checked against those of another. As a result, these three hundred great men were arranged according to the order of intelligence apparently revealed in early life.

With true scientific caution, the experts refused to say that the results arrived at reveal the actual intelligence level of these individuals as adults. They will only say that it was certainly not lower than the figure given, pointing out that the more meager the information, the lower the IQ assigned. By a complicated procedure that I need not describe here, corrections were made for those of the great men about whom less was known, and it is probably safe to say that the list that was finally achieved is not more than ten points out of the way.

The findings of this study confirm the point already made, that sheer intelligence is far from being identical with success in life as it is popularly recognized. According to the space allotted in biographical dictionaries, Napoleon was the most important man of modern times, and following him, the next nine were Voltaire, Bacon, Goethe, Luther, Burke, Newton, Milton, Pitt and Washington. Yet Dr. Miles's study shows very little correlation between eminence and the degree of intelligence recorded in this study. Napoleon, who is number one in the biographies, is bracketed with Washington as last in intelligence on the list of ten. Both men are scored with IQ's of about 140, which just lets them into the genius class. Of the others, Burke scored 165, Luther 170, Milton and Bacon 180, Newton, Pitt and Voltaire 185. Only one of the ten—Goethe—ranked with the supreme intelligence of modern times, those with an IQ of about 200.

The rating by intelligence makes some very queer bedfellows. Matched with Napoleon are John Adams, Emerson and Lincoln. Samuel Johnson ranks with George Sand and Wordsworth, John Quincy Adams with Longfellow, Dickens with daVinci.[1]

It is interesting to look at the correlation between

[1] For the benefit of the curious, here are some of the distinguished names of history with the IQ's assigned to them. The first list is those of men regarding whom a great deal is known, and these are probably substantially accurate. None rates lower than 135.

IQ 140-145: John Adams, Emerson, Lincoln, Napoleon, Nelson, Thackeray.

150-155: Samuel Johnson, Mendelssohn, Mozart, George Sand, Scott, Wordsworth.

160-165: John Quincy Adams, Longfellow, Tennyson.

170-175: Chatterton, Coleridge, Robert Peel, Alexander Pope.

190-195: Grotius, Leibnitz.

200: Galton, Goethe, John Stuart Mill.

The second list is people of whom less is known. Nevertheless, they have been studied with great care and these estimates are probably not far wrong.

IQ 130-140: Francis Drake, U. S. Grant, Cromwell, Farragut, Goldsmith.

140-150: Blucher, Clive, Cortez, Garibaldi, Gluck, Hogarth, Andrew Jackson, Washington.

150-160: Balzac, Bolivar, Burns, Cervantes, Alexander Hamilton, Murillo, Swift.

160-170: Addison, Robert Boyle, John Bunyan, Edmund Burke, Carlyle, Bach, Beethoven, Darwin, Disraeli, Defoe, Haydn, Heine, Hegel.

170-180: Agassiz, Calvin, Faraday, Richte, Dumas Sr., Washington Irving, Kant, Kepler, William Penn, Adam Smith.

180-190: Bacon, Dickens, Gibbon, daVinci, Wagner, Byron, Davy, Descartes, Galileo, Hugo, Milton.

190-200: Berkeley, Newton, Pascal, Schelling.

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the recorded intelligence and occupation. The entire group scored 130 or better and the average was well above 160. The more eminent averaged higher than the least eminent, but as I have just pointed out in the case of Napoleon, the correlation between achievement and IQ is far from complete. The eminent soldiers rated on the average lower than any other group, with a composite IQ of 140. Artists and musicians were clustered around 160; statesmen and imaginative writers had 165, religious leaders and didactic writers, 170, scientists 175 and philosophers 180.

It is popularly assumed that genius is associated with precocity, and this is often but not always true. John Stuart Mill learned Greek at three, studied Plato at seven, and Latin, geometry and algebra at eight. When a little more than six, he wrote a history of Rome that was quite a creditable affair. At five, happening to enter a drawing-room where the wife of the First Lord of the British Admiralty was present, he gave that lady a permament place in history by discoursing learnedly with her, comparing for her edification the personalities and military abilities of Marlborough and Wellington.

Even more striking was little Christian Heineken, who at four could read German and speak several languages. He knew history, mathemathics, anatomy and geography, and could recite fourteen hundred quotations from Latin authors. The King of Denmark sought an audience with the little prodigy, who unhappily died at the age of four years and four months. In contrast is the record of Karl Witte, who entered the university at nine, took his Ph.D. at fourteen, and then lived a highly successful academic life until he died at the age of eighty-three.

It has frequently been the case that some of the finest work of a great man has been done in early youth. Goethe wrote his immortal "Werther" at twenty-five; Milton had composed what has been called the most beautiful ode in English at twenty-one; Schelling formulated his philosophy at twenty; Raphael at one year older had painted the Granduca Madonna; Peel was chief secretary for Ireland at twenty-four.

Some extremely important lessons are to be drawn from this study of the great men in history; before I report them, however, I wish to offer another piece of evidence: the monumental study of genius in the present day, made by Dr. Lewis Terman of Stanford University and his associates.

Nineteen years ago, Dr. Terman, an outstanding psychologist, began a vast inquiry, looking for high intelligence in the school children of the Pacific Coast, and especially California. Many thousands of children were given identical intelligence tests, and out of this huge number, about 1,500 were found to possess IQ's of 140 or more, which would put them in the genius class. At intervals ever since, these 1,500 geniuses, or most of them, have been investigated afresh by Dr. Terman and his staff of skilled psychologists. This group of genius children is now grown up, out in the world earning its living, and the facts unearthed regarding it are of the highest value to anyone interested in the all-important question of human personality.

On the whole, these gifted children are doing much better than the average among their merely normal classmates. A smaller proportion than might be expected is divorced, insane or dead, although the suicide rate, oddly enough, is the same as that of the general population. The gifted children marry early, their health is good, their earning powers are large. By the time they are thirty, their average income is $3,000 a year—far above that of their classmates of only the usual intelligence, and remarkable when you remember that these young people went to work during the depression. Quite a number are earning $12,000 or more, though the oldest of them is in his early thirties. (Most of them live in California, where an income of $12,000 a year is the equivalent of a far larger sum, perhaps $20,000, in one of the big cities of the East.) Members of this comparatively small group of genius children have already written twenty books, hundreds of magazine articles and have taken out eighty important patents. Numbers of them are teaching in colleges or universities and several have become heads of departments.

In general, they have chosen the careers that might be expected. The men are lawyers, doctors, engineers, clergymen, research experts. Some, on the other hand, are movie actors and jazz-band players. They include an artist for Walt Disney, a rare-stamp dealer and a fox farmer. The girls are teachers, doctors, nurses, office workers, librarians, artists, decorators, architects, actresses, musicians, dancers and entertainers.

The genius girls show much less desire to follow a career than the genius boys. About one-half of the girls are married and nearly all of these have followed the conventional American cultural pattern and given up their career interests. Both boys and girls marry people whose intelligence score is about twenty-five points lower than their own and have children at about that level, which is on the whole that of the geniuses' own parents, brothers and sisters.

Now comes the really amazing part of Dr. Terman's study. Of his group of geniuses, 25 percent have made a far greater success in life than the rest. Fifty percent have done moderately well compared with the top group, and the last 25 percent have done very badly indeed. (Remember, the IQ of all three groups is almost the same, from 140 up, or definitely in the genius category.)

The men in the top quarter earn two and one-third times as much as those in the bottom quarter. They have married earlier, their wives are more intelligent and their divorce rate is only one-third as high—all

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presumably indications of successful living. The bottom quarter contains some men in decidedly humble situations—a policeman, a carpenter, a gas-station attendant, a floor-walker.

Here is an astonishing difference between two groups of high-scoring children, both equally intelligent by test, both starting life side by side as classmates in the same schools. Yet one draws ahead of the other. The difference began in high school, where the top group got "A" more than 62 percent of the time and the bottom group only 28 percent. The top group has physical health slightly better than the other, but not enough to account for this disparity.

Dr. Terman's investigators found that one important difference lay in the home environment and the personality it produces in a child. To be sure, success in life may be influenced somewhat by other hereditary factors than sheer intelligence, so that the stock from which you are descended is significant in other ways than those associated merely with the IQ. Nevertheless, environment itself is undoubtedly of tremendous importance. In the top group nearly 57 percent had fathers who were professional men, and in the bottom group this was true of only 21 percent. The significance of this is that professional men on the whole earn more money than other groups, and can give their children a generally better, more stable and peaceful environment. The members of the bottom group often came from homes where there were insecurity and unhappiness. The parents were poor, or were divorced, or both; many of them were foreign born, struggling with an alien culture. Their genius children were dragged down by this unhappy, unsuccessful environment.

Let us turn back now for a moment to the great geniuses of modern times, mentioned above, who were of course no more intelligent in test terms than Dr. Terman's California children of today. Dr. Miles, summing up the facts about her three hundred geniuses, found a list of characteristics that were common to all or nearly all. They came from "good stock," with a fairly high intelligence among the parents. Most of them had security, affection and understanding in their early life. The qualities which the vast majority of them shared in common make an amazing list. Genius, Dr. Miles found, is almost universally:

Kind	Cool-tempered
Trustworthy	Physically and mentally active
Conscientious	Modest
Persistent	Not eager for pleasure

Genius is as much above the commonalty of mankind in the possession of these traits as it is in intelligence.

It is true that highly gifted children frequently do bad work in school, being bored with their subjects and refusing to study when not interested. True, again, chance played a strong part in the lives of some of the men on Dr. Miles's list. Newton was an illiterate farm boy and would have remained so but for the chance visit of a relative who had been to college. Faraday left school at fourteen, supposedly forever, and the direction of his life was changed only when he happened to read an article on electricity in the encyclopedia. Yet one-half of these great men showed their lifelong bent strongly in early childhood, and only 25 percent gave no hint of it until they were grown.

What do the researches of Dr. Terman and Dr. Miles reveal that is useful to society? They show us that while high intelligence is chiefly accident of birth, the personality and character that can take proper advantage of that accident are chiefly a social product. By proper training, we can turn our potential genius into an actual one, whose gifts are useful to mankind. The most important factors in bringing this about are first, incentive—living in a society that wants and appreciates great ability—and second, a sense of reassurance and security from the earliest days. It is now scientifically proved that genius does not need to be malajusted, as is commonly supposed. The "artistic temperament" which causes the "prima donna," on stage or in studio, to go into a tantrum if he or she is thwarted, is not an essential development of the natural endowment; rather it is the attitude of the spoiled child carried over into adult life by a high-strung, gifted individual who, because of that gift, discovers he can get away with actions which in the child might cause him either to be sent supperless to bed or to be put into the hands of a psychologist.

The lesson is thus plain, and it is an important one. We need the services of these rare one-in-a-hundred-thousand minds. We need to improve our present machinery for finding such individuals in the mass of the population, and once they are found we need to care for them in the light of the principles enunciated above. This evidence seems to disprove the theory that great abilities thrive on insecurity, unhappiness and fear. When they appear to do so, it is only because the individual manages to surmount the obstacles; he would have been better off if he had never had to face them. (This is not to say that a reasonable amount of poverty and sharp discipline are not desirable; the lives of many great men suggest that they are. Poverty, especially in an agrarian civilization, is not always necessarily identical with insecurity.)

What is true of the geniuses applies also to the rest of us. Both the intelligence and the personality of the average man function far better under favorable conditions than adverse ones. This obvious but important principle is ignored or only half-realized by parents, teachers, disciplinary and correctional institutions, municipal, state and national officials, every day in the week. Science has now given us the final and urgent reason why we should put our collective brains to work and give the maximum amount of training, useful experience, security and a sense of power and success to the rising generation.

BRUCE BLIVEN

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Washington Notes

Phil Murray Objects

UNDER-SECRETARY OF WAR PATTERSON has come out flatly for a revived War Labor Board. He told the House Judiciary Committee, before which his statement was made, that he expressed the judgment of the combined defense organization. According to report, we must expect that a labor board—probably smaller, more compact than the Taft-Walsh board of 1918—will soon be set up.

Almost as soon as Mr. Patterson spoke, Philip Murray of the CIO delivered himself of a public dissent. His thesis was that a war labor board would tend to "freeze" existing conditions. It would defend present union contracts. But wherever workers were trying to organize unorganized companies, wherever they were trying to obtain the union shop, or check-off of dues, it would be anti-labor.

Many observers in Washington think Mr. Murray is right. That is the way the 1918 War Labor Board operated. Soon after the war started, President Wilson and Mr. Gompers made an agreement under which the *status quo* was to be preserved, and this agreement served as the War Labor Board's unwritten constitution. A labor board today would almost inevitably stand on the same principle. A return to the *status quo* is always the most obvious, superficially fairest, ending of a quarrel.

To understand the CIO's position, it is necessary to remember the tremendous issues that must be decided in the next few weeks. The United Auto Workers are negotiating with General Motors, the SWOC with U. S. Steel. The United Mine Workers are beginning talks with the coal operators. Immense resources—that is, for the labor movement—have been thrown into the tasks of organizing Ford and Bethlehem Steel. The CIO is at one of the most ticklish moments of its history. It is in a position to make very great gains, or to suffer considerable losses. To most observers here, it seems evident that the appointment of a labor board will stiffen the backs of the giant employers with whom it is engaged.

The AFL is understood to be backing the proposed labor board; so are various officials in Mr. Hillman's labor division of the OPM. They hope in this way to head off the enactment of mandatory legislation. Mr. Hatton Summers' Judiciary Committee is nursing a number of frankly strike-breaking laws. But observers who agree with the CIO say that the AFL and the OPM labor officials forget that a labor board in practice, would also have compulsive powers. What made the 1918 Taft-Wilson board as much of a success as it was, was Wilson's known readiness to back it up with swift action. In a single instance, Wilson threatened to blacklist a group of striking workers from future government employment, and to withdraw their exemption from the draft. Mr. Roosevelt would have to support the proposed new labor board in the same fashion. Or at least if he didn't, if striking workers ever successfully resisted the board's decision, Congress would inevitably cry that the United States government was being flouted, and rush in with anti-labor enactments.

But the near certainty that it would prevent future gains by the CIO is not the worst aspect of a war labor board. In the opinion of observers, it would subtly end all hope of labor coöperation in the war effort. From the viewpoint of cold realism, once labor cannot "make trouble," neither government nor business is going to give it further attention. Consider the present situation at the OPM. Mr. Hillman's program for mobilizing labor is now well advanced; it is being carried out by other government agencies. The same thing is true of his labor-training plans. The only activity of Mr. Hillman's division that today has critical importance is the maintenance of industrial peace—settling the Lackawanna strike, for example. Once the strike problem has been segregated off in a labor board, Mr. Hillman's division would begin to shrivel away.

Mr. Murray has persistently urged that joint councils of management and labor be created for each of the major war industries. As with the proposed labor board, one of the objects of these councils would be to settle labor disputes. But, since the councils would be the recognized means of communication between the government and industries, they would deal with every other sort of problem as well. If there had been a council for airplanes, for example, Walter Reuther's scheme for mass production would have had a thorough examination long before this. Mr. Murray's councils would mean that labor would be invited into our national life; many observers think that the war labor board would mean that labor would be cold-shouldered out of it.

The Farm Bureau Federation, strongest of the farm organizations, has begun a furious attack on the whole New Deal agricultural bureaucracy. Along with other demands, it asks that the Farm Security Administration, the Soil Conservation Service, the Surplus Marketing Division—which operates the food-stamp plan—and part of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics be broken up, and their functions be turned over to the Agricultural Extension Service. This would make the latter's county agents little, all-powerful Pooh-Bahs, and, since many of the agents are the nominees of the Farm Bureau Federation, the Federation would become the ultimate dispenser of farm subsidies. The Secretary of Agriculture would be completely stripped of power. A non-partisan board of five persons in Washington would decide policy; its recommendations would—or would not—be carried out by the county agents.

Because of the emergency, the Farm Bureau Federation's onslaught has had little notice. It is just possible that it may succeed. Farmers have been bitterly disappointed by the failure of a war boom to develop. According to report, the Federation is moved by jealousy of its rival, the Farmers' Union. Ever since the Supreme Court fight of 1937, the Farmers' Union has faithfully and energetically supported Mr. Roosevelt, and its influence in Washington has correspondingly increased. In contrast, the Federation's leaders have been moving steadily rightward, and many of them backed Mr. Willkie last autumn. Apparently they now hope to steal the New Deal's farm program by a combination of Republican congressmen from the Middle West and conservative Democrats from the South.

T. R. B.

Washington

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Who Was That Lady . . .?

THEY ARE STILL ASKING how he does it, for "The Lady Eve" is his third picture in seven months, and one after the other they have been a delight both to exhibitors and to sit through. Part of the answer is that Preston Sturges is a hard-working man with a sense of humor. Another part is that he seems to possess a hex on actors, so that he can use even Dick Powell and Barbara Stanwyck as principals and walk out of the cage unscratched. But most of it is that he has found movies, the rolling camera as a sensitive medium of expression, the vast and frightening range of technical properties as instruments to be used with a craftsman's economy and purpose.

The purpose never amounts to much, or it amounts to a great deal, according to whether you go to the theatre to be stern with it or as you read a book, for enjoyment. Mr. Sturges picks his own subjects, writes his own screenplay and puts on his own show. Thus far his attention has concentrated on the light comedy of modern life, which is a good place to keep it I will be bound; and thus "The Lady Eve" is precisely as inconsequential as any breath of air in muggy weather. It is the story about the lady card-sharper who falls in love with her victim, enlivened by certain complications, such as the variously conflicting interests of Charles Coburn and Eugene Pallette as fathers, Eric Blore, William Demarest and Melville Cooper, and others. It starts on a boat, gets off halfway through, has itself a houseparty and a honeymoon, and ends on a boat. That is about all except the social message to Our Readers, which is that love is sometimes more damn trouble than measles.

Sturges is already being compared to Capra and Clair, but this is not fair to them. They were masters in film comedy, and they not only set a pace but made it so fast that their names are still the obvious and only ones for loose-mouth comparison. They saw not only the possibilities but the actual achievement in film history of the Mack Sennett type of visual comedy; they had the sense of its spontaneity within themselves; and they came at a time when the crude distortions necessary to the early silents were being refined and the film in general was becoming personalized. They can no more be bracketed than French and Los Angelese, but they were the two outstanding who adapted the old standbys of explosive surprise, camera mobility and chase to the new intimacy of actual people. And in their four or five best pictures each, they worked always with a delicate sense of when enough was enough. They knew better than anybody how to use funny happenings in a chain like firecrackers, so that one set off another; but they never subscribed to the belief that if a thing is done once and gets a laugh, it will get six more laughs if you do it six times over.

Preston Sturges has an appreciation of slapstick and a feeling for people as they are to be found in life. But he has not yet the discipline to get the good out of a thing and then leave it alone—*vide* the full-length falls of Henry Fonda or the supposed Briticisms of Barbara Stanwyck. The story of "The Lady Eve" is not an original and doesn't need to be, but even spoofing has its logic, and no story can be done justice by an ending that fits it like a Montgomery Ward toupee. The director took on the job of holding Eric Blore down and making a reasonable character out of him, and he did it; he took on the job of animating Barbara Stanwyck, and he succeeded at that. But he tried too much. You see, we are supposed to believe that everybody in the story believes for one entire sequence that Miss Stanwyck resembles Miss Stanwyck but is really an English lady instead. We don't, and as belief begins to fade Miss Stanwyck works harder, and finally what could only have been done by the subtle and personal arts of good mimicry and character projection is abandoned in favor of what is merely raucous.

But such minor flaws and overreachings would not be worth mention in most films, and if you are conscious of them here it is because of the general high level, the easy play of interest, natural comedy, sentiment; the unobtrusive but vital devising of little things, like the contrast of the absurd tender-whistle with the liner's answer, the symbol of rage and frustration as the camera goes from each new disillusionment in Room B, Car 69, to the speed and roar of the engine up front, etc. The lines are what people might say, and in spite of comedy's formalization, most of the things are what people might do. Some of it is slapstick; a little of it is impossible the wrong way; but in general its pleasures come from the characters as found—you could not expect anything different to happen if Henry Fonda was a rich young naturalist and Charles Coburn a gambler with short-wave fingers, and if—as such—they ever should happen to meet. And by whatever means, this Preston Sturges has wrapped you up another package that is neither very big nor very flashy, but the best fun in months.

All you need to know about "Cheers for Miss Bishop" is that it is what you probably feared. "Goodbye Mr. Chips" was a gentle weep over the honorable senility of a schoolmaster with his lifetime of service behind him, and it was box-office wildfire. So now they'll see if it can be done all over again with a schoolmarm. We start out with a girl no older than Martha Scott at her dewiest, inspired to the ideal of education by the president's address at her commencement, and we go episode by episode through the changing years of her teaching at the university, her problems and heartbreaks and mute heroism, until time and the make-up department have weathered her into something like Ouspenskaya at her chewiest. Any such thing must run off like those old Biblical panoramas on rollers, and "Miss Bishop" (I keep wanting to retitle it "Three Near Beers for Miss Hiccup") is a smoother job of coping with the endless string of incidents than "Mr. Chips." The girl has two love affairs that end in no-decision, and she has faithful friends that enliven the action at different times by showing up at the house for a dish of fudge.

The only surprising thing about it is that so many standard devices for squeezing a tear can be crowded into the same few hours—I forget the running time, but attendance from beginning to end left me with the impression of a four-and-a-half day bivouac. They set out to do a thing and they have done it exactly to taste, and for all I know there may even be inspiration in it for those who will learn respect for the higher education from the fact that a brave little wisp of a girl carries on though her heart is breaking and puts her class in Freshman English through its stern paces of "What is a transitive verb?" and "Give the principal parts of the verb 'strike.'"

OTIS FERGUSON

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Records: Little Blue Flame

THE PREJUDICE which most honest people hold against string quartets is probably deplorable, as they say, but understandable just the same. I suspect the irritating ritual of afternoon musicales has a good deal to do with it, and by irritating ritual I mean the discreet aroma of Uplift which cloaks the whole performance starting with the hushed solemnity observed while chairs are hitched and scraped, chin rests and music stands are adjusted, a few furtive "A's" and nervous glances are exchanged on the stage, and then what is supposed to be one of the most flexible of all arts is approached stiff and unsmiling. To make music sing and flow freely in this atmosphere is pretty close to impossible, which may be one reason why so much quartet music sounds stuffy. The matter would not be of much consequence if it did not scare away otherwise receptive listeners by obscuring the fact that (1) there is a great and rich body of quartet literature available, and (2) there are top-rank groups around to perform it.

Among the former, certainly, is Beethoven's extraordinary Quartet in C-Sharp Minor (Opus 131), and among the latter, right at the top, are the four equally extraordinary Budapests. It was almost inevitable that the two should some day tangle without the ritual and within range of a recording microphone. They have, and the results (Columbia M-429, 10 sides; $5.50) make about as good a beginning as you could ask for this or any other new year.

Call it spark, call it genius, or little blue flame, or what you will, the Budapests have a remarkable capacity for identifying themselves with the music they play while imparting something of themselves to it—something subtle in the way of rhythm, perhaps, a very slight retard here or there, a pause, a swell in unison, a scrap of melody singled out, passed from one to another and made to sing.

So you hear them moving in quietly, one by one, on the theme of a slow canon, passing on together into the heart of this beautiful and sorrowing first movement with the depth and vibrance of a full string section, but with each voice distinct and individual. In these "last" quartets Beethoven had pushed a long way into the outer spaces of form and harmony, and the changes in mood and line are many. On the fourth side you hear two of them holding a steady beat while the others horse around with a foolish lilting theme Beethoven just happened to stick in (on the score he admitted it had been pieced together with scraps "stolen from here and there"), but a few minutes later, in an entirely different mood, they are coming in one by one, double-stopped, to draw out exquisite sustained chords. Over and beyond these details, the Budapests hold the continuity of the entire work easily and naturally, so nothing seems to come as a complete surprise, and no seams are left showing. Finally they have the feeling (difficult to put a finger on but you can't miss it in the last movement) for the composer's peculiar but striking manner of expression: a passage of explosive violence forcing its way upward, for example, giving way suddenly to a hesitating down-flowing melody, abruptly becoming gentle and following the line of least resistance.

Toscanini has this wonderfully sensitive feeling for Beethoven too, and also the power to impose it on the orchestra before him, whether it happens to be the Philharmonic, NBC or BBC Symphony. So he is all over the place in Beethoven's Violin Concerto with Heifetz and the NBC Orchestra (Victor M-705, 9 sides; $5), making more of that four-note theme in the first movement than I ever heard before, and whipping everyone in on the beat—not *almost* on it. But on the whole he creates such a strong orchestral background that Heifetz's poised and urbane violin sounds a little alien. Heifetz is in command of that violin every moment of the way, incidentally, and in spots he is extraordinary, but the results were somewhat better when he matched himself with the more Parisian style of the Boston Symphony in the Brahms Violin Concerto, more than a year ago.

There are technical flaws in both these recordings. In the case of the Budapests, the surface tone is a little wooden. In the case of the Violin Concerto, it was recorded in Studio 8H, that much publicized NBC engineer's dream which turned out to be a musical deathtrap. The place has been patched up somewhat since this recording was made, but that does us little good in this particular case. Playing in a deadened room lacking resonance and dust and old wood to give ring to the orchestral tone, the orchestra boys have to fight from beginning to end. By dint of much tugging and pushing, the strings are able to achieve depth and warmth of sorts, but the horns sound as though stuffed with pillows, the woodwinds, not too certain of their pitch, seem barely to maintain their sense of cohesion as a choir, while off in a corner the tympani cough, mutter and thud dully as though beaten with wet dish mops.

Pictures at an Exhibition, by Moussorgsky. Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra (Victor M-706, 8 sides; $4.50). What with gongs, bells, tenor tubas, trombone glissandos, and a huge battery all wound up in a Special Stokowski Transcription (how *does* he do it?) we have here still another version of the Pictures—darkly colored, powerful, and probably Slavic, as they say, but with enough volume and violence in spots to blow the walls right out of your room. It's gripping, and if you don't scare easily it's good, but I'm still for the Ravel version as the Boston Symphony does it.

San Juan Capistrano (*Two Evening Pictures*), by Harl MacDonald. Koussevitsky and the Boston Symphony (Victor 17229, 2 sides; $1). Last year MacDonald confronted us with music of his own under the name of John Christopher Smith, causing merriment among the youngsters who sit at his feet in Philadelphia, and supposedly abashing the critics no end. This year you'll have to figure it out for yourself. No. 1, The Mission, is conservative and perhaps a little weak, but MacDonald's. No. 2, Fiesta, is pretty familiar by now, Bizet having made just enough changes in the introductory notes to keep clear of the copyright laws when, back in 1875, he pilfered them for the Entr'acte of Act III in Carmen—a piece, incidentally, plugged for some years in a special Stokowski arrangement by the Philadelphia Orchestra, of which MacDonald happens to be manager. The tone of the Boston Symphony is —as usual—clean and fine and a joy to the ear.

STANLEY FERGUSON

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The Bandwagon

Reich Expected to Move After One More Non-Aggression Pact. – *Headline in The New York Times.*

Many Hollywood people are unbelievably mike-shy. They say that Errol Flynn had such jitters a half-hour before his appearance this season that they had to get photographers backstage to keep snapping pictures of him until broadcast time. That restored his ego, and his calm. – *John T. McManus in PM.*

The trustees of the Fascio Arnaldo Mussolini, Inc., social and educational club, filed with the Hudson County Clerk today a certificate changing the name of the organization to Circulo Amerigo Vespucci. The action, the petition said, had "nothing to do with events in Europe or Africa." – *From The New York Times.*

Or That Get-Rich-Quick Urge

"In domestic work a capable girl will probably earn $6 or $7 a week in addition to her room, board and laundry," said Miss Helen Crittenden, director of the YMCA employment bureau. "She will undoubtedly be able to save more money than she could at factory work. But there is a great turnover among girls doing housework. Perhaps it is the restlessness of the age." – *From The Milwaukee Journal.*

Things We Didn't Know Till Now

Profiteering—the utilization of a period of crisis by individuals to extort unjustified profits from the public—is incompatible with the American concept of the profit system. Profiteering is as repugnant to American industry as it is to the American public. – *From "Little Known Facts About America at Work," a pamphlet recently issued by the National Association of Manufacturers.*

Japanese Sandman

An official declaration that Japan pursues her southward policy by peaceful means only was accompanied today by a charge that last week's scare was caused by erroneous information from London. This will obtain publicity in the Japanese press and millions of readers will again sleep soundly. – *Dispatch from Tokyo to The New York Times.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

Correspondence

Financial Concentration

SIR: Although the SEC's recent public hearings on the rule it is considering to require competitive bidding by investment bankers for new issues of public-utility securities were practically obscured by the war news in the nation's press, their significance should not be overlooked by liberals. Adoption of the rule will be the first real step on the part of the administration to remedy the monopolistic condition President Roosevelt recognized when, as a candidate in 1932, he laid down the principle that ". . . a concentration of all banking resources and all banking control in one spot or in a few hands is contrary to a sound public policy."

Financial concentration is more complete now than it was eight years ago. Since the end of 1932, New York Clearing House Bank deposits have increased 94 percent, from $7,070,558,000 to $13,713,398,000, while deposits of all other banks in the country have risen only 43 percent. Similarly the New York "Big Five" insurance companies' mounting assets have soared $4,656,240,000 since 1932, to their present peak of $15,772,367,000, surpassing the combined assets of all of the rest of the country's insurance companies. The concentration of securities underwriting is equally marked; a single Wall Street investment-banking firm managed almost 80 percent of the country's first-grade registered-bond issues in the period from September 16, 1935, to June 30, 1939. The figures themselves are striking enough. But they are even more significant viewed as the result of the close relations existing among the New York banks, investment-banking houses and law firms, which are inextricably intertwined in the domination of the country's huge insurance companies, front-line railroads, vast public utilities and giant industrial corporations.

Competitive bidding cannot, of course, cure all the evils of financial concentration, but it can make a much needed beginning. And certainly the time will never be riper than it is today for governmental action to end the investment-banking monopoly. Its existence has been established by recent federal investigations, among which are the investigation of concentration of economic power by the TNEC, the investigation of the telephone industry in the United States by the FCC, and the investigation of railroads, holding companies and affiliated companies by the Senate Interstate Commerce Commission. Its undesirability has been stated repeatedly by the President and other administration officials with the approval of the voters, as evidenced by the last three presidential elections. Its end is in sight if the federal agencies pursue a vigorous and forthright course.

Cleveland, Ohio CYRUS T. EATON

Mr. Jarrell Replies

SIR: I am so flattered at Mr. Cowley's overestimation of my wit [The New Republic, February 24] that I hardly like to object to his underestimation of my judgment. Besides, there is something agreeably odd about reviewing a book for a magazine and having the review reviewed, as a typical crime, by one of the magazine's editors; I feel as if my decision had been overruled by the Supreme Court.

Mr. Cowley says that Louise Bogan's review treated Mr. Aiken's book only as "one of the texts for a sermon against the grand poetic manner," and that mine treated it only as "the occasion for a diatribe against rhetoric" which was simply irrelevant. Isn't it a coincidence that both Miss Bogan and I should decide to waste our reviews of Mr. Aiken on irrelevant attacks on rhetoric and the grand style? Really both of us made pretty much the same objections to the book; perhaps we were wrong about it; but then perhaps Mr. Cowley was. I wasn't attacking *rhetoric* (an old friend), but the ornamental and empty romanticism of the particular rhetoric in "And in the Human Heart"; and there was more wrong with the book than rhetoric. Though Mr. Cowley thinks not, I noticed and admired the skill and

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"music" of the poems: I compared them to Liszt finger-exercises, and found them "beautifully able" verse, written with "impressive fluency and command." Mr. Cowley finds them good poetry as well; but this amiable failing I cannot share.

I doubt that my own reviews furnish a very good text for a sermon against poetry-reviewing; most reviewers would say hastily, "The damn things aren't like *mine*." According to Mr. Cowley, I review poets by making the cleverest and nastiest attacks on them that I can manage: I am like Pope's parrot (the one who yelled names at passers-by), if the parrot had been a little smarter. The report of my method seems to me a good deal exaggerated. A good many of the books I get to review do seem bad to me, and I say so—a string of sober *no's* would bore any reader, so I try to phrase my *no's* as well as I can. But so far as I know I've never been dishonest enough to say unfavorable things for a chance to be witty. And I do like (and say that I like) some of the books I happen to review; so I can hardly be Mr. Cowley's typical poetry reviewer, who does neither. That my reviews seem to Mr. Cowley disproportionately severe indicates a divergence of our tastes which can hardly fail to be a source of gratification to us both.

I had thought a good motto for critics might be what the Persians taught their children: *to shoot the bow and speak the truth;* but perhaps a better one would be Cordelia's *love and be silent.*

The University of Texas, Austin, Tex. RANDALL JARRELL

[After reading Mr. Jarrell's letter, I turned back to four of his reviews that I happened to have at hand. It was a pleasure to read them over again, for he writes as if he liked writing and as if he knew about poetry from the inside. But although his individual judgments are keen, if sometimes questionable, his four reviews taken together gave a radically false picture of contemporary verse. In them he was acting as jury, judge or executioner at the trial of twenty poets. As jury, he acquitted two of them, Dylan Thomas and W. H. Auden, though Auden was not released without a severe reprimand. As judge, he found mild virtues in three others, which led him to mitigate his sentence to deportation instead of death. As executioner, he skillfully dispatched the fifteen remaining poets, covering their bodies with quicklime and strewing salt over their graves. This is hyperbolical language, but the reviews were hyperbolical too. A revolutionist coming before Judge Jeffreys—who was also a witty man—at the Bloody Assize of 1685 had a better chance for his life than a poet who faced Mr. Jarrell. – M. C.]

The Mecca Temple Meeting

SIR: Your editorial [The New Republic, March 3] on the meeting at Mecca Temple, under the auspices of the America First Committee and the Keep America Out of War Congress, marks the descent of The New Republic to the smear level of its associate in attacking this meeting and in the propaganda of hysteria, Walter Winchell.

You are in error in the following points:

1. The bulk of the audience did not belong to Joe McWilliams. It was a typical cross-section of anti-interventionist citizens, better, not worse, behaved than some recent Town-Meeting-of-the-Air audiences.

2. It did not repeatedly chant "the Jews, the Jews." Once in a volume too weak and indistinct to reach the platform clearly, came such a cry from a small section of the audience in response to a rhetorical question by a speaker concerning responsibility for interventionist policies. In this same section a little flier, anti-Semitic in tone, although Jews were not specifically mentioned, was circulated—an act roundly repudiated and rebuked by the chairman, John T. Flynn.

3. Mr. Flynn, Senators Nye and Wheeler and I are not "appeasers," unless to be an appeaser is to fight the extension of totalitarianism to America which would accompany and follow our entrance into war. The term would better fit Mr. Roosevelt's approaches to Stalin or Mussolini; the reasoning you imply by your use of this term would better support our calling you warmongers and imperialists. I don't like the attitude of some groups which for their own reasons oppose our entry into war. But I fear worse some of your bedfellows, *e. g.*, the House of Morgan, Henry Luce, preacher of an American imperialism indorsed by Dorothy Thompson, and also supported by McNutt of Indiana and the Southern bourbons: in sum total the most dangerous friends of democracy in America.

Our reasons for standing clear of participation in this war—and that logically means opposing the dictatorial lease-lend bill—were once well expressed in your pages. Not even the blitzkrieg is an adequate rational explanation of your flop.

New York City NORMAN THOMAS

[The New Republic received letters, similar to Mr. Thomas', from Mary W. Hillyer, Executive Director, Keep America Out of War Congress, and from Bertram D. Wolfe. We were in error in saying that the bulk of the audience at the Mecca Temple meeting was composed of followers of Joe McWilliams and we gladly withdraw the statement. – THE EDITORS]

From The New Republic Mail Bag

From R. L. Weissman, New York City, a letter too long for publication, on our editorial "To Forestall Inflation" (The New Republic, January 13). "After many years of unjust attacks on Mr. Eccles because he was an alleged inflationist, there now seems to be an equally erroneous impression that he is what might be described as a deflationist." . . . From Rose Asch-Simpson, New York City, a letter of praise for Max Lerner's "I Thought of Lincoln" (The New Republic, February 10). . . . From Madison, Wisconsin, a cheerful note for Glenway Wescott ("In Memory of Scott Fitzgerald," The New Republic, February 17): "Mr. Wescott; you have semi-colonitis; it is incurable; you will die." (signed) S. L. Ely.

Vera Fulton, Baltimore, and J. Wesley Littlefield, Chicago, liked Edmund Wilson's article on Max Eastman (The New Republic, February 19). "One thing about the pragmatic base of Mr. Eastman's writing," comments Mr. Littlefield, "you never get the idea that literature, philosophy, science, poetry or any other single thing is the be-all and end-all of human life; and you are never far from the overwhelming realization that for millions of people in this world none of these things means anything—they can't afford 'em."

John Wallace, Portland, Oregon, wants more Randall Jarrell. "He has furnished us at Reed College some hearty controversy over the lunch table, and oh! how delightful to have someone get Pound's number. Speaking for a little group of New Republic readers, may I suggest you give him a weekly column?"

Did You See It in the Paper? – New magazine: Bread and Butter, "Facts you need before you buy," published by Consumers' Union, 17 Union Square, New York City. . . . Two annual reports: 35,000 persons were killed by automobiles and 1,320,000 were injured in 1940, totals considerably higher than those of 1939 or 1938. For the year ending June 30, 1940, the city of Los Angeles showed a profit of $6,783,994 on its municipally owned utilities. Seven rate reductions have been made since 1929. . . . New organization: The Free Company, to counter-attack foreign propaganda, through broadcasts. James Boyd, Southern Pines, North Carolina, is chairman; Robert E. Sherwood, Burgess Meredith, W. B. Lewis of CBS, and the author of "For Whom the Bell Tolls" are among the members.

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Of Clocks and Calendars

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD, who was a good writer himself, had the gift of making other people write well about him. The comments on the man and his work that appeared in The New Republic were all of them honest and intimate and a little worried, as if Fitzgerald had challenged their authors to say just what sort of person he was, and just what he meant to the people who knew him. Even the newspapers, for all their bright condescension, made you feel that they were talking about a man who lived and not a mere reputation.

Indeed, I think that John Dos Passos, in his note on "Fitzgerald and the Press," was a little hard on the newspaper obituaries. He blamed them for situating Fitzgerald in the 1920's, saying that "all this gabble about the Younger Generation, proletarian novelists and the twenties and thirties is just advertising man's bilge," and that "a well written book is a well written book, whether it was written under Louis XIII or Joe Stalin or on the wall of a tomb of an Egyptian Pharaoh." But the newspapers had a good excuse for connecting Fitzgerald with the 1920's, considering that Fitzgerald himself had advertised the connection. Not only did his first very successful but not very well written novel serve as a manifesto for the Younger Generation, but all his later and better writing was distinguished by its sense of passing time. He was haunted by time, as if he wrote in a room full of clocks and calendars. He liked to begin his paragraphs by saying, "That was the year when . . ."; after which he would tell what everybody wore and said and sang and how everybody made love in that particular year. He worked hard and patiently to find the exact color of a season that would never be repeated.

And isn't that a virtue inherent in his writing, rather than a weakness falsely imputed to it by the critics? It seems to me that just as a novelist can best express the Universal—whatever that may be—by writing very well about a particular group of people, so he can best express the Enduring by writing very well about a particular period. And it seems to me that if Fitzgerald's best books succeeded in detaching themselves from his decade—as Dos Passos says they did—it is precisely and paradoxically because he immersed himself in it, plunging deep into the river of time until he ended by glimpsing the landscape of the river's bed. . . . I had a friend once, a poet who avoided the least suggestion of colloquial speech and even refused to mention contemporary life in his poems because he wanted to be read and fully understood two thousand years from now. That was twenty years ago and nobody reads his poems today, though they were written with admirable skill. People are still reading F. Scott Fitzgerald.

Since writing an article on poetry reviewing three weeks ago, I have been receiving a great many letters from poets, almost all of them marked "Personal" or "Not for publication." The writers differ in their somewhat picturesque opinions of Mr. Jarrell and Mr. Aiken, but most of them argue, and prove by examples, that poetry reviewing is in an even more disheartening state than I had suggested. One complaint is that reviewers insist on trying to be more subtle and profound and difficult than the books they purport to be judging; that they are willing to talk about anything in the world except the poet's plain meaning. Another complaint is that many reviews—though certainly not Mr. Jarrell's—are written in an incredible jargon that mixes social science with Freudian psychology and somewhat resembles the peculiar language spoken at Teachers' College. But the statement most frequently made is that poetry reviewing has become increasingly cliquish and cultish.

To give the gist of several letters, contemporary poets have let themselves be divided into schools or tendencies or factions, the most prominent being the Intellectualists (in two or three groups), the Moralists, the Surrealists, the Social Symbolists, the Social Realists and the Arrivistes. These schools are not institutionalized, in the sense that one could draw up a roster of their members, yet they involve mutually contradictory notions of what good verse ought to be, as well as complicated personal relationships. The poets who belong to them are instinctively honest, yet in reviewing books of verse they are sometimes blinded by their group dogmas, their loyalties and their animosity toward outsiders. One correspondent said, "You can usually be certain that Poets A, B and C will be praised by the X group of reviewers, violently condemned by the Y group and contemptuously sniffed aside by the Z group, and this irrespective of their merits. The truth may be that Poet A has struck a new vein, whereas Poet B is merely repeating himself and Poet C is rapidly going downhill, but this you would never guess from the reviews, which appear to be predetermined and predigested."

A question raised by The Publishers' Weekly and hotly argued by its readers is whether mystery stories are books—that is, whether they have a right to be treated like other novels or whether they should continue to be placed in a separate category by their publishers, reviewed in a separate column, kept on a separate shelf in the bookstores and read chiefly by "mystery fans."

To me the question seems to call for a double answer. The great majority of mystery stories belong to a limited and highly specialized type of entertainment, a guessing game with elaborate rules. Each of them must start with a crime—preferably a murder—must proceed by casting suspicion on each of several people, and must lead to a solution that the reader has failed to see in advance, though it must depend on evidence already presented. The criminal must always be punished, by suicide or accident or the law (American mysteries sometimes break this rule, but the English never do). None of the characters may deeply engage one's feelings. . . . This is the general formula, and books that follow it deserve, so far as I can see, exactly the treatment they have been receiving.

But there are other mystery stories—published at the same price and kept on the same shelves in the bookstores—that follow different rules or none at all. Their emphasis is not so much on the detection of a criminal as on the crime itself—the motives for it, the manner in which it was committed and its psychological effects on the criminal. A recent example, by no means the best but still worth reading, is "Drink to Yesterday," by Manning Coles (Knopf, $2). Here the subject is the exploits of an English spy in Germany during the First World War. The book starts with an orthodox murder and continues through several orthodox adventures, including the destruction of four

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Zeppelins; but its real point is that spying is a dirty business, spoiling the lives of everyone who touches it and completely demoralizing the hero. Although the characterization is pretty careless as compared with that of a conventional novelist, somehow the people and the situations stick in one's mind. I can see no reason why a book like this should not be published and read and reviewed as a novel pure and simple.

But there is more to be said. When historians of the future look back on this period, they may very well decide that only the mystery stories depicted its true face and spirit. They may say that missions into enemy country, double talk and double dealing, the marking down of traitors for assassination, the stealing of plans, the maneuvers of the Gestapo, the Ogpu and the Secret Service, were the characteristic incidents of this era, and that violence, fanaticism, secrecy and fraud were its native qualities. They may say that Graham Greene, Eric Ambler and Geoffrey Household, Dashiell Hammett and Raymond Chandler, were our realistic novelists; whereas Ellen Glasgow, Sinclair Lewis and all the other writers who dealt with the peaceful life of the middle classes were lacking in the time spirit, were browsing animals surviving into the era of saber-toothed tigers. They may even say that this whole age of ours was a rather lurid mystery story, conceived in the brain of Nicholas Carter and written in collaboration by a deliberately mad Surrealist and a cub reporter.

MALCOLM COWLEY

Books in Review

Shirtsleeves to Playsuits

WAYNE ANDREWS' STORY of the Vanderbilt family in America from 1794 to 1940[1] is the story of the building and diffusion of large wealth. It is a book packed with details of business and pleasure largely drawn from contemporary newspaper sources. Mr. Widener's account[2] of his own life in relation to the lives of his father and grandfather is a sadder and much less interesting tale. It concerns itself with the weak and unsuccessful efforts of a young man to escape from the influence of his grandfather's money and his father's dominant will.

The Vanderbilts in America have been undistinguished for service and synonymous with money. Commodore Vanderbilt, according to Mr. Andrews, found spelling difficult and read nothing but the newspapers, but he had a canny ability to cash in on the ingenuity of pioneers in the steamship and railroad fields. Where other men experimented, he consolidated, and he left his heirs $105,000,000. He was hearty, profane, frankly selfish and won admiration for his lack of pious pretense. Although it was his son, W. H. Vanderbilt, who was credited with the remark, "The public be damned," the first Vanderbilt of importance acted on that principle all the days of his mature years. Many were the protests of passengers on the Vanderbilt steamers at the unseaworthy ships, rotten food and filthy accommodations. The government would not even trust him with the mails, but he cut passenger and freight rates and took away other people's business until they were forced to sell out to him. To two of his rivals he wrote what Mr. Andrews calls "one of the sublime letters in the history of business": "Gentlemen: You have undertaken to cheat me. I won't sue you, for the law is too slow. I'll ruin you. C. Vanderbilt." His wealth and influence became so great that in 1855 he was proposed by New Jersey Senators for President of the United States. But the Commodore modestly maintained that all his life his policy had been to mind his own business and suggested that as a foreign policy for the nation.

During the Civil War he was given the task of inspecting steamships carrying Union troops and was charged with taking no more pains with the lives of the soldiers than he had taken with his civilian passengers. He donated a ship to the Union cause and Congress gave him a gold medal, but after the war he complained bitterly because the government "never gave me my vessel back."

After the first decade of railroad development, the Commodore watched progress carefully and finally cornered the Harlem, Hudson River and New York Central systems. His prize road, the Central system, he improved; accommodation on the other roads, however, aroused the same indignation as had followed his ships. He sold out his steamship interests and concentrated on railroad-stock manipulation. When his employee-lawyer, Chauncey M. Depew, was nominated United States Minister to Japan, he told him: "Railroads are the career for a young man. There is nothing in politics. Don't be a damn fool!" His own weaknesses were spiritualistic mediums and trotting horses. Once when a medium conjured up the spirit of his mother, Vanderbilt remarked: "Business before pleasure. Let me speak with Jim Fisk."

In addition to a complete life of Commodore Vanderbilt, Mr. Andrews gives accounts of the many branches of the family. Their activities make much less interesting reading. The Commodore's son, W. H. Vanderbilt, better educated but no more public-spirited than his father, doubled the value of his father's great fortune. After his famous remark, "The public be damned," the newspapers credited him, Mr. Andrews maintains, "with an aggressive instinct he never possessed. In reality, compromise was always his favorite policy: he cringed from rows the Commodore would have hugely enjoyed, and he even attempted to conciliate labor!" His hobby was art which told a story, and he had the courage not to buy what he didn't like.

The rest of Mr. Andrews' book is concerned with the taste of members of the Vanderbilt family for French chateaux on Fifth Avenue, fast yachts and motor cars, marine specimens, and social grandeur. One of them signed a hotel register in Saratoga: "William K. Vanderbilt, wife,

[1] The Vanderbilt Legend, by Wayne Andrews. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 464 pages. $3.50.

[1] Without Drums, by P. A. B. Widener. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 279 pages. $3.

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two maids, two dogs and fifteen horses." It was this same Vanderbilt who told a reporter: "Inherited wealth is a real handicap to happiness. It is as certain death to ambition as cocaine is to morality."

This last sentiment is the entire theme of P. A. B. Widener's naïve plaint. "Without Drums" is an embarrassing book to read. One has the feeling that one is eavesdropping on the intimate life of a rather commonplace family, or perhaps it is that Mr. Widener cannot tell the tale of his suffering significantly. He has written the kind of book that a man in his twenties usually writes as a novel and never gets published. Supported by his grandfather's money and dominated by his father's temper, Mr. Widener seems rarely to have done anything he wanted to do except marry the woman he loved against his father's wishes and raise dogs when his father wanted him to take an interest in horses. He lived in a museum and not a home, he tells us, for his dominant father's interests were equally divided between old masters and two-year-olds. But this account of life in a private museum, with stables in the distance, is almost as uninteresting as the memoirs of the late Queen Marie of Rumania. There is more excuse for Mr. Widener's dullness than there is for the Queen's, for he never took part in events of any importance, but the two books resemble each other greatly in their gushing naïveté.

Mr. Widener seemed to have the best time of his life during the last war, when Uncle Sam became his father for a time. After the War he lapsed back into his previous lack of interests. "What could I do?" he asks us with tears in his eyes. "The fortune had been made. The art had been collected. The Widener racing name established. What was left for me to do?" He felt better after he got married, raised a family, and became an expert in the breeding of prize dogs. He tells us that: "A vital interest of my life today is the Widener School for Crippled Children [also established by his grandfather]. This has been a truly satisfying work. As president of the school I have been able to do for hundreds of unfortunate children what I was never able to do for myself. I have helped them to escape to life."

M. R. WERNER

The Ultimate Negligence

Population: Policies and Movements in Europe, by D. V. Glass. New York: Oxford University Press. 496 pages. $6. Foundations of American Population Policy, by Frank Lorimer, Ellen Winston and Louise K. Kiser. New York: Harper and Brothers. 178 pages. $2.50.

IN ONE OF HIS FIRST SPEECHES as chief of state, Marshal Pétain chose to allot some of the blame for the collapse of France to the decline in the French birth rate. A plaintive series of dispatches from Vichy have echoed the theme. Unfortunately, the discussion of perhaps the most complex problem of post-war reconstruction has thus been launched on a note of frustrated chauvinism. The parade of statistics assembled by Mr. Glass may be recommended as a corrective for any such nonsense.

It might surprise M. Pétain to learn that both the German and British birth rates have been below the French during the better part of the past two decades. As research secretary of the British Population Investigation Committee, Mr. Glass has subjected the population trends and policies of the principal western European countries to a rigorous examination. To him, the birth rate is not a reliable guide to the future. A surer index is the net reproduction rate—the rate at which the female population of child-bearing age replaces itself. During the thirties Italy alone among the nations covered in his study remained above par, while Sweden and England have dropped 25 percent below the level necessary to maintain their populations constant. That this prospect is shared by highly industrialized communities is confirmed by the figures for Italy's northern provinces, which unexpectedly match the low rates of England and Scandinavia. The Marshal's statement has this as its sole basis in fact: through accidents of timing and age distribution, France happens to be the first to ride the toboggan of depopulation. But for immigration, an actual decline would have set in before the war.

Depopulation is heralded by no conspicuous events, though, as we now see, some other crisis may shock people into awareness. Nothing about the impending decline impinges on the individual with the directness of unemployment or military invasion, to name two comparable threats to the general welfare. Depopulation is the consequence of the private decision of prospective parents to defer or omit having children. It is foreshadowed only by statistics. Even experts have been slow to appraise the true situation. Not long ago overpopulation was a respectable menace. Only within the last dozen years have calculations of the net reproduction rate been available. It was just five years ago that the London and Cambridge Economic Service published Dr. Enid Charles's estimate of the future population of England based upon a scientific projection of the then current fertility and mortality rates. Although more exacting analysis has led Mr. Glass to make an upward revision, his own estimate of a ten-million drop (one-quarter of the 1940 total) by the year 2000 is sufficient cause for alarm.

Entirely apart from the nationalistic considerations which now rate the headlines, depopulation is not a prospect to be taken lightly. Contrary to naïve belief, it is no cure for unemployment. Indeed, a continuously declining population is likely to create social tensions as catastrophic as the great depression itself. Pro-natalist programs have been tried on the Continent. To date none has been adequate. No nation has yet succeeded in restoring reproductivity to par; only the Nazis have managed even to reverse the trend. The fundamental fact is that nowadays children cost too much. The evidence on family allowances which Mr. Glass has assembled from France, Belgium and Italy shows conclusively that aid which becomes a significant item in the family budget only with the fourth or fifth child will not do the trick. Inescapably, any permanent solution must be both radical and expensive.

Two main courses of action are open to a determined government. It can suppress the free choice of prospective parents to go without children, or it can encourage their voluntary decision to have children by shifting the burden to the community at large. Since democracies are based upon respect for the rights of individuals, they must wholly eschew the first alternative. That the Nazis prefer it seems one of the most bestial aspects of their doctrine. Their modest success in reversing the downward trend of fer-

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tility in Germany Mr. Glass attributes in part to the practice of a combination of propaganda, coercion and the granting of meager marriage loans, which are canceled progressively as children are added to the family. A full elaboration of the democratic alternative was enacted by Sweden, but it arrived too late to make a showing before the outbreak of the war.

The United States faces this problem too. Already the net reproduction rates of some of our West Coast cities approximate the lowest in Europe. Two years ago the National Resources Committee ducked some of the essential issues in its report on The Problems of a Changing Population. But little is now to be gained by issuing another report confined to the foundations of policy. The committee of the National Economic and Social Planning Association, headed by Dr. Lorimer, has done just this. Theirs is a restrained rewriting of the original NRC study, embellished by the latest economic theory of the impact of population change on investment and by a hesitant statement of the premises of action. Dr. Lorimer and his associates fail to meet the situation as it must be met if we too are not to be caught napping. What are we to think of a planning association too timid to plan? The nation's future demands a presentation of the problem both alarmist and bold: alarmist enough to shock us into the realization that we must act now to avert a decline in our population a generation hence; and bold enough to plan an integration of our entire educational and social-welfare program so as again to make parenthood an attractive alternative for every couple.

JOHN DE WITT NORTON

Our Indian Treasury

Indian Art in the United States, by Frederic Douglas and René d'Harnoncourt. New York: The Museum of Modern Art. 220 pages. $3.50.

THIS WISE and admirable account is very likely what the publishers claim for it, the most complete work yet published on the art of the United States Indian. I am certainly no authority in the field, but the thorough range of this collection and research is evident, and there is a highly commendable absence of ocean canoings, soft legends, human wrongs, Hiawathas and a certain kind of Teutonic theory-riding. An underlying poetry arises, however, as corn does from the soil or as patterns do implicit in the powers and habits of wind and water: the chapter divisions are drawn from the material itself and their titles read like singing—The Pueblo Compantes, The Navaho Shepherds, The Apache Mountain People, The Desert Dwellers of the Southwest, The Hunters of the Plains, and so on.

To these studies of sources, tribal life and characteristic forms is added an account of adaptations of Indian art for modern living, with a variety of illustrations. It is a discussion that might easily have been faddish and semi-vulgar, smelling of studios and interesting personalities, or a décor of baskets and pots or ethnological jewelry quietly conspicuous. Instead, the recommendations and illustrations of this chapter are in good taste and practical.

The range of the volume is notable, the things shown, obviously, are often interesting and sometimes beautiful,

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THE WORLD OF THE THIBAULTS

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For the first time in English, the complete text of the eleven French volumes which won for their author The Nobel Prize. The first—and smaller—section, *The Thibaults*, was published here in 1939. Readers of that volume may obtain the new volume, *Summer 1914*, separately at $3.50. TWO VOLUMES BOXED $6.00.

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whether with a beauty that is simple or is distinguished. But the authors make no attempt to convey perfection or enthusiasm by declaring that they consider this and that as good as Greek art, or amazingly modern, or that they would rather have it than anything by Cellini, Cartier, Lilly Daché or what not. This method is familiar, well meant and meant to be persuasive; but it is a method outside the nature of art and therefore pointless. One of the book's distinctions is that the authors knew just that.

A set of sixteen color plates is provided to show the range in color in this Indian art. S. Y.

Bachelor of Artifice

The Bachelor Life, by George Jean Nathan. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock. 262 pages. $2.50.

THE PASSING OF TIME and of some other things has left George Jean Nathan something less the apostle of light he seemed in the dark days, and something more like a Lucius Beebe who can write too. Part of his new book is taken up with the problem of being a bachelor in New York; but most of it consists as usual of Mr. Nathan's discussion of what civilization is and how nobody else seems to have any. As usual he is quite to the point on many useful matters, alert, witty, graceful, at ease with himself if not serene, and knowing if not wise, with that shade less than criticism which is snappy reviewing and with that damn sight less than learning which is the insistent and gaudy catalogue of a scholar's remnants. And as usual he is, page for page, one of the most readable observers observing.

The charm of the familiar essay is always in the subject writing, not the subject written about, and so nobody cares if the book quickly wanders off from the bachelor life to any one of a dozen standing—and I am afraid battered—heads: country life, restaurant habits, the effects of drinking and vice versa, guest-room libraries, the ladies. And whether he arrives at truth or half-truth or open slander is not so important as the reader's absorption in matching prejudice for prejudice with the author, following him to see where and how he goes, now in glee and now under protest. In a way Nathan is a significant figure too. He is the one man with the intelligence, urbanity and talent to stand over a certain way of living as its recorder and literary executioner. He is merciless with the cultural habits of that elegant-foolish fringe. But he may speak of it with both authority and impunity because that is where he lives by choice; these are the people he would know and by whom he is content to be accepted. For he may be a naughty, naughty boy, but he belongs.

As a writer, Nathan has a turn of phrase registering about the quickest explosion-point on record, and I can still remember cracks like "the otherwise worthy citizen's idea of dramatic literature is anything with a pistol in it." In this book there are many more—the typical hot toddy "tastes like a thimbleful of whiskey going through a rubber hot-water bag on an express train with no stopovers," etc. But on the whole he won't keep his powder dry, and you find him still with that boyish faith in mere wordage, that innocence of English prose as a thing of measure, which marks one's first pen-in-hand gayeties. In his book it cannot be "get married," but "bless themselves with what is euphemistically known as holy wedlock." Not, "one is annoyed" but, "one meditates the ineffable charms of harakiri." And how he can weigh down a single sentence bound nowhere: "a slightly more copious collection of hypothetical fair beloveds" [plus] "a fact readily to be discerned by any investigator with an eye less fancifully romantic and less aberrantly imaginative. . . ." He was undoubtedly the most brilliant writer of his senior year, and he still is.

Anyhow, he is George Jean Nathan. On the subject of the modern gentleman I follow him completely. On the subject of charm in women he lets his hair down and—as is often the case with such smart fellows suddenly earnest—shows it to be a wig. On cocktail parties, summer in New York, cruise cut-ups and a dozen other things I am with him. On food and its service he is such an insufferable snob, with so raffish a display of accents grave, acute and circumflex, that he forgets to say anything about cooking if he ever knew it, and you mark him as a subconscious fugitive from a spot on his tie, the brand probably Campbell's tomato. And that is the way the book goes, with good points made and bad ones belabored, and since it finds its readers naturally, I suppose any suggestion as to working it over for concision and just balance is either too late or too vulgar. It seems always beneath George Jean Nathan to study when the rapier of his wit is a rapier and when it is an old razor blade. OTIS FERGUSON

Mind-Sweepers

Random Harvest, by James Hilton. Boston: Atlantic-Little, Brown Books. 327 pages. $2.50.
The Closed Door, by Ronald MacDonald Douglas. New York: Modern Age Books. 313 pages. $2.50.

"RANDOM HARVEST" lies lost and bewildered midway between a sharply exciting mystery story and a mental-problem novel. Perhaps the book has this effect because the author holds all the cards throughout, and actually solves the mystery and springs the biggest surprise of all in the last paragraph. Charles Rainier is wounded in the First World War and wakes up on a park bench three years later, dazed and unable to recall anything about the three years he has just lived. The plot is his attempt to reconstruct the time of this blind spot.

There are a couple of good ways of handling this kind of situation. The author can wrap the whole thing in mystery, with suspense on every page, and bit by bit let fall a hint, a new fact, until the reader and the author seem to solve the mystery together. ("Rebecca" is an example of this method.) Or else he can concentrate on the man himself, his frantic attempts to penetrate the fog farther and farther back into his past until the attempt itself becomes the final cure. But in "Random Harvest" the author chooses to run the whole show and spring the answer so suddenly that, while it may be fun for him, it leaves the reader more than a little resentful.

The reader also has these incidental things to swallow: one is a series of the most unlikely coincidences which play a large part in the plot. Another is the sudden metamorphosis on Rainier's part from a scholarly, poetic young Cambridge student to a tycoon who rescues the family fortune in a series of financial coups. And the biggest mystery

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is why Rainier's wife, who knew the answer he was searching for the whole time, didn't ever try to help him by pointing out the way back. The explanation is probably that if she had there wouldn't have been any novel to write.

The whole thing is overlaid with the not unpleasant but faintly mauve sentimentalism of Mr. Hilton. But there are still many good moments. You get pretty excited over those three years, for instance, and the story moves right along, with never a dull page. The scenes of Rainier's life with the English music-hall troupe are excellent and involve some of the most likable characters in the book.

Ronald MacDonald Douglas's first novel, "The Closed Door," is a good example of what can be accomplished by focusing directly on the mental problem itself, the remarkable ability of the human mind to retain its sanity against almost impossible odds. (In reading it, you will be reminded of "The Outward Room.") A gentle young Scottish girl is so badly abused by a harsh grandfather that her health finally breaks down. While suffering from temporary loss of memory, she is placed in an asylum for the violently insane, under "therapeutic" methods which could probably make raving maniacs out of the sanest of persons in a month. The horror of these scenes is described so skillfully and realistically that your entire sympathy and attention are fastened on this girl with her unbreakable spirit and courage. The author does not attempt to reproduce the difficult Scottish dialect but has the girl tell her own story in simple, moving English. This somehow manages to combine the absorbing quality of good fiction with the sincerity, truth and sustained interest of a good autobiography.

MURIEL BURNS

A Reader's List

WAR LETTERS FROM BRITAIN, edited by Diana Forbes-Robertson and Roger W. Straus Jr. (Putnam, $2). Over a hundred letters received by Americans from friends in England. Chronologically arranged to cover the period from the outbreak of the war to yesterday's bombing raid, this is a revealing look into the hearts and minds of a considerable cross-section of a whole people under fire. Some nervousness, some worry and a very little fear are discernible; but one woman accurately sums up the prevailing attitude: "Still I think Hitler would be dissatisfied with the way we are reacting." (All royalties are to be donated to the British-American Ambulance Corps.)

GERMANY: JEKYLL AND HYDE, by Sebastian Haffner (Dutton, $2.50). An examination of the Nazi propaganda slogan, "Hitler is Germany, Germany is Hitler," outlining the history of Hitlerism, and analyzing its psychology as well as the attitude of both the loyal and the disloyal population. Though it does not give any new facts, it is well written and worth reading for its intelligent last chapter which discusses how to defeat fascism not only during, but after this war.

A HUNDRED YEARS OF ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT IN GREAT BRITAIN, by G. P. Jones and A. G. Pool (Macmillan, $4.50). Not a general economic or social history, but a valuable and convenient survey of the last one hundred years' changes in methods of producing wealth and distributing goods and in types of organization for those purposes in important industries and trades. Primarily intended for the general reader and student.

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WESTERN DEMOCRAT, by Arthur F. Mullen (Wilfred Funk, $3.50). The posthumous political reminiscences of a small-town Nebraska lawyer and machine politician who served as Roosevelt's convention floor-manager in 1932. There is a rambling attempt to relate the needs of the agricultural West to major-party strategy, but on the whole this is about what might be expected from an amiable, old-line Democratic National Committeeman who found the Catholic Church a fighter for democracy.

PILSUDSKI, by Alexandra Pilsudska (Dodd, Mead, $3). The memoirs of Pilsudski's wife who took an active, daring part in Poland's struggle for independence. The biography of the "Marshal of Poland" is woven into the story of Polish suffering under Tsarist Russia, of political underground work, victory and Nazi invasion. A detailed, highly personal book, most interesting for its descriptions of Polish feudalism.

THE IMMIGRANT IN AMERICAN HISTORY, by Marcus Lee Hansen (Harvard, $2.50). Nine informative and suggestive essays on the odyssey of the nineteenth-century immigrant by the scholarly author of "The Atlantic Migration" and "The Mingling of the Canadian and American Peoples." The importance of immigration in world and American history is clearly brought out, as is the relation of the immigrant to our westward expansion, "puritan tradition," democracy and culture.

THE REMARKABLE ANDREW, by Dalton Trumbo (Lippincott, $2.50). A young bookkeeper who is almost a vision of efficiency is left holding the bag by some local politicians, and after a great deal of proing and conning of world events gets put right with his Colorado town through the help of his hero, Andrew Jackson, who comes to his rescue with a great deal to say about modern customs, beliefs and moral patterns. Some good stuff here, but on the whole either too remarkable or not remarkable enough. Mr. Trumbo is the screen scenarist.

PEOPLE OF THE VALLEY, by Frank Waters (Farrar and Rinehart, $2.50). What happened in a New Mexican valley hamlet when a flood-control dam forced the simple Spanish-speaking farmers off their land. One striking character (the herb woman and local oracle), and a fresh background nicely handled by a writer who really knows the region, its customs and its people.

TODAY AND FOREVER, by Pearl S. Buck (John Day, $2.50). Thirteen stories about China, old and new. Many of them are about women and most of them stress the patriotism a Japanese invasion has encouraged. Written in Mrs. Buck's honest, warm-hearted prose, calculated, as usual, to make China a bit less inscrutable, no less intriguing.

NOT FOR THE MEEK, by Elizabeth D. Kaup (Macmillan, $2.75). Martin Lyndendaal starts out from Denmark in the eighties as a porter, ends up in New York in 1940 a steel magnate, having sideswiped plenty of trouble on the way. His story is no new one to the fiction shelves, but Miss Kaup ties his family problems up neatly, plants him solidly in big business, and in general turns out a novel up toward the front of its well filled class.

TELL US OF THE NIGHT, by Coningsby Dawson and Barton Browne (Jefferson House, $2.50). A famous brain surgeon performs a mercy killing, loses his license, runs amuck in Paris, and finally finds peace in the Alps. Even if you're a pushover for medical novels this one is hardly worth your bother.

Contributors

JEREMY INGALLS has contributed verse to various magazines. This month Harcourt, Brace is publishing a collection of fifteen of her stories, entitled "A Book of Legends."

JONATHAN MITCHELL, who lives in Washington, is well known for his articles on the political scene.

STANLEY FERGUSON, a former orchestra player, now writes for a weekly paper in Washington.

M. R. WERNER is the biographer of Bryan, Barnum and Brigham Young. His most recent book is "Julius Rosenwald."

JOHN DE WITT NORTON is a student of population problems.

MURIEL BURNS, a graduate of Smith College, is a member of the editorial staff of The New Republic.

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